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Literature

"Problems of Modern Democracy"

By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BRANCH of political science to which these essays relate is one which the author is peculiarly qualified to discuss. To the advantages of special training and large experience, Mr. Godkin adds a solidity of mind and a thoroughness of method that mark the genuine philosopher. He has an abiding faith in republican institutions, but withal he is no optimist. He is too clear-sighted, his temper is too judicial, his imagination too much under control, to allow him to indulge in illusions concerning the future of democracy. Knowing that all human institutions inherit the defects of their qualities, he lacks that "faith in machinery" which an English critic has noted as a trait of our common race. In discussing the problems of modern democracy, he makes no postulates which are inconsistent with the facts of human nature and the conditions of social existence. So, in explaining his lack of enthusiasm for popular government, he says:—"I believe politics to be an extremely practical kind of business, and that the communities which succeed best in it are those which bring least enthusiasm to the conduct of their affairs."

This practical turn of mind comes out strongly in the author's criticism of the socialistic program. He wants to know how Mr. Bellamy and his fellow-Utopians propose to settle the question of production, after they have redistributed the existing surplus of wealth. These gentlemen promise a general levelling-up, without indicating the source of the increased product which their promise implies. It is here that Mr. Godkin has them on the hip, and he does not forego his advantage. Likewise, in calling attention to the important but undefined rôle played by the party "boss," he remarks:—"Any person who to-day described the government, say, of New York, or Pennsylvania, or any other large American state, out of the books, would give no real idea of it. He would miss the real source of power, and the way in which it was infused into the machinery." How the system strikes the newly arrived immigrant, and to what extent it must be reckoned among the forces of civilization, are well described in the paper on "Criminal Politics," to which the essay entitled "The Economic Man" forms a useful appendix.

The volume commences with a paper on "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy," originally published in January, 1865. The contrast between the tone of this essay and that of the more recent productions indicates the great progress made by the democratic idea since the close of the Civil War. In the essay named, written when the position of the United States was still uncertain, when democracy itself was still on trial, the author maintains a strictly defensive attitude. Unable to invoke the logic of events, not yet assured of the final triumph of the cause of liberty, he seeks only to mollify and appease the critics of democracy. Conceding the existence of some of the faults alleged, he either strives to extenuate them, or traces their source to the character and environment of the American people. But nowadays Mr. Godkin is not careful to answer in this matter. Democracy is for him a solid fact; it "has come to stay," he says; "it has, in spite of its imperfections and oddities, something of the majesty of doom, and nobody now pretends that any people can avoid it." In his paper on "Criminal Politics" he makes admissions far more damaging to the cause he defends than any of the faults imputed by the critics of thirty years ago. Significant, again, is the greater prominence given to the United States as the typical democracy. In 1865, Mr.

Godkin deprecated "the disposition of foreign observers to take the United States as a fair specimen of what democracy is under the most favorable circumstances." But in 1886 he asks "why Sir Henry Maine should have overlooked the experience of the only really democratic community now existing, that of the northern states of the American Union." One seems to hear "the thunder of irrevocable wheels."

Yet Mr. Godkin's earlier dictum appears to us the sounder one. Both as a form of government and a social force, democracy should be studied in connection with anthropology and history. The national temperament is a highly important factor in our politics. Our movements of municipal reform, for example, too often resemble the hot fit of a fever, and are themselves symptomatic of disease. Is it not probable that these spasmodic efforts are due to the same impatient temper that vents itself in lynchings and similar displays of wild justice? Our national foible of smattering, too—itsself a result of our adaptability and handiness,—is largely responsible for the lack in public life of a trained and trustworthy corps of administrators, and for the scant respect which is paid to the teachings of experts. Mr. Godkin himself points out the effect of the legal-tender decisions in unsettling popular notions of the nature and function of money. Popular government has "come to stay" its appointed term, and no longer; it carries no talisman against the inevitable decay which attends all mundane things. Meanwhile, the United States offers the most available material for the study of its workings. That, doubtless, is all that Mr. Godkin would claim.

A spark of idealism and a more genial and persuasive tone would have enhanced the popularity as well as the value of the book. "Populus vult decipi—decipiat ergo" is a maxim which Mr. Godkin rightly repudiates. But there is an idealism which braces and fortifies the mind without the aid of illusion. This grace Mr. Godkin has not received in full measure. A comparison of his review of Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" with Mr. John Morley's paper on the same subject will illustrate our criticism. But, all in all, "Problems of Modern Democracy" is an eminently useful and suggestive work, which every student of social science will appreciate. (See portrait on page 407.)

"History of the German Struggle for Liberty"

By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated with Drawings by R. Caten Woodville, and with Portraits and Maps. 2 vols. Harper & Bros.

THE STRUGGLE for liberty which Mr. Bigelow has undertaken to record in these two choicely printed and illustrated volumes is not, as might readily be supposed, the notable revolutionary struggle of 1848, which culminated, after many vicissitudes and much bloodshed, in giving to the German states representative government, a free press and universal suffrage. Nor yet is it the later popular movement, still in progress, to cast off the burden of aristocratic privilege and military caste under which Germany is still suffering. With both these movements, the author, it is evident, is in full sympathy. And it is apparently on their behalf that he has preferred to go back to a national movement of still earlier date—to the uprising of the whole German people to throw off the tyranny of Napoleon, which followed his famous victories of Austerlitz and Jena. Of that period, now more than eighty years past, he can write without wounding the personal sensibilities of any living individual. Yet all that he writes may, and in fact, does, have a direct bearing on existing politics.

Mr. Bigelow, as most magazine readers know, has been for many years a strenuously active canoe-voyager and foot-

traveler through central Europe, and has thus become well acquainted with its people of every grade, from emperors and kings to peasants and bargees. The treatment he has received has been almost uniformly friendly and generous. He thinks he has come to know how Germans feel. The present work is evidently an attempt to manifest his consequent sympathy, and to repay by suggestions of practical value the kindness he has experienced. His work, though written in English, is apparently intended mainly for German readers, and in a German version will doubtless be read with avidity; for it contains much that has never before been published, while much that is known is presented in new lights. The author has been indefatigable in his researches. In his preface he acknowledges his obligation to the German Emperor and the official keepers of the Prussian secret archives for permission to examine much valuable material; to the Duke of Cumberland and the Queen of Hanover, and to Count Voss, the descendant of Lady Voss, the principal companion of Queen Luise, and also the Countess Chorinsky, who had in her possession a large correspondence with Queen Luise, for similar kindness. The English archives have also been laid open to him, with other collections of historical papers and portraits, of which he has made important use.

How great is the novelty which he has thus been able to impart to his pages will be best seen by a comparison of his narrative with that of any other English history of the period. His account of the battle of Jena, for example, and of the events in Prussia which preceded and followed it, when compared with Allison's history of the same events, leaves a widely different impression. An American writer has lately recorded as the height of wisdom a maxim of Prince Bismarck, that "the world cannot be governed from below." Mr. Bigelow points out that "when Bismarck in 1871 became Chancellor of the new German Empire, the socialist vote was so small that it could be ignored. When he left office, after twenty years of rule, he left to his people a legacy of popular disaffection that may be estimated only by reference to one and a quarter million votes cast for socialist candidates." He further shows us that from the time of Frederick the Great to the battle of Jena, Prussia had been constantly governed "from above," as Bismarck would have expressed it. Every minister and every military officer had been noble. The result was that, in the first time of real trial, the government proved utterly inefficient; the army operations were grossly mismanaged; and after one defeat, fortress after fortress, though well-garrisoned and well-victualled, was surrendered at the first call by its pusillanimous and unpatriotic high-born commander.

As the independence of Prussia was lost in 1806 by her weak king and her incapable nobility, so it was regained in 1813 by the voluntary uprising of her patriotic people. This is, in fact, the text for whose enforcement Mr. Bigelow's work is written. He is satisfied, from his personal knowledge of them, that the German people are capable of self-government. And for such a people he holds that such a government—a government by the people for the people—is the only proper one. He admits, however, that Germans in general, even when liberals, are still monarchists. Though he doubtless fully comprehends the reason, he does not clearly explain it. It is simply a matter of national self-preservation. Surrounded by hostile or jealous neighbors, menacing her with large standing armies, Germany must be always prepared for self-defence; and this necessity implies a powerful army and navy, directed by a single overruling will. Germans can thus far see distinctly no better mode of ensuring these necessities of self-defence than through a hereditary monarchy. Perhaps in time the examples of France, Switzerland, and America may bring about a change of sentiment. Meanwhile Germans, if grumbling and uneasy, sustain their Government and are proud of their country, though they gladly leave it, by every opportunity, for any

other country in which they can enjoy the highly prized boons of personal freedom and social equality.

Viewed merely as a history, complete in itself, Mr. Bigelow's work leaves much to be desired. It lacks a proper introduction and an adequate conclusion. It commences abruptly with the military murder of the bookseller Palm by Napoleon's orders, and it ends as curtly with Napoleon's defeat and deposition. It thus presupposes in the reader a knowledge of all the previous circumstances in the rise of Napoleon to power, and a like knowledge of the immediate consequences to Prussia of his overthrow. As regards the reading public of the now educated Germany, this presumption is doubtless correct. The work, in fact, does not profess to be a complete history, but rather an episode of modern European annals. While it has the interest of romance, it would be utterly unjust to style it an historical romance, seeing that it aims, in all its facts, to be a scrupulously truthful narrative. It is rather a romance of history, bringing with it a moral of the highest importance. It tells us, in a plain, straightforward narrative, how a powerful and opulent kingdom was nearly ruined by the misgovernment of a weak king and a selfish, incompetent nobility, and was finally, in spite of the opposition of the frightened sovereign and princes, restored to freedom by the efforts of its common people.

Mr. Bigelow's narrative shows us many heroic characters, but no special hero. It has, however, a heroine, and one of the highest and most engaging cast, in Queen Luise, the wife of the unhappy monarch, Frederick William III. The two portraits which are given of her show that she possessed all the personal beauty and charm of Queen Marie Antoinette—attractions which, with no corresponding moral or intellectual graces, were sufficient to call forth the famous eulogium of Burke. Luise had all the endowments which the unfortunate French Queen lacked—an intense affection for her dull but well-meaning husband, which made her do all in her power to shield him and his people from the consequences of his follies; an equally strong devotion to her country and its people, which caused her to press upon her prejudiced and reluctant husband the services of Stein, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—the only leaders, plebeians though they were, who could have redeemed the kingdom; and a sense of the value of popular education which led her to encourage to the utmost for this purpose the plans of Pestalozzi, in whose works she delighted. It is no wonder that her memory is cherished to this day as that of the Joan of Arc of Germany.

Burke's once famous book, "Reflections on the Revolution in France," which in its day aroused all monarchical and aristocratic Europe against the efforts of the French constitutional party to lift their half-famished and almost brutalized peasantry and populace higher in the scale of rational beings, no longer needs an antidote. If it did, no better one could be found than this work of Mr. Bigelow. While it pretends to no special charm of style, it is written throughout with good taste and spirit. Its effect is produced, not by rhetorical artifice, but by the cogent logic of accumulated facts.

"William Henry Seward"

By Thornton K. Lothrop. (*American Statesmen Series.*) Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THIS BIOGRAPHY of one of the greatest of New York's Governors and Senators, and of perhaps the most distinguished of all the Secretaries of State from Jefferson to Olney, is, we understand, the work of a resident of Boston, a lawyer by profession, and is his first book. Mr. Lothrop has had the difficult task of making original investigations, and of trying to compress within narrow limits an account of the numerous and important incidents of a busy public life covering nearly twoscore years. An admirer of Seward, as everyone who has studied his career must be to a considerable extent, he has felt it to be his duty to clear up as much as possible the disputes about the character and significance of his hero's acts at different times. It has not been an easy or

altogether successful undertaking to hold the attention of the average reader, and at the same time to answer criticisms of scholars and to do away with what are alleged to be erroneous traditions. There has always been a strong suspicion that Seward would have been willing to strike a compromise with the South in 1861, if he could have obtained support from the North for such a movement. The biographers of Lincoln made it plain that Seward attempted to run the administration, and that, in order to do so, he urged the evacuation of Fort Sumter and the introduction of foreign difficulties as a means of escape from domestic ones. The Confederates claimed that in March and April 1861 Seward promised that Fort Sumter would be evacuated, and that Fort Pickens would not be reinforced without giving notice to Judge Campbell of the Supreme Court, whom Seward used as a go-between in making known to the Confederate Commissioners in Washington what were assumed to be the intentions of Lincoln's administration.

Everyone whose memory goes back to the political rumors of 1860-61 will recall the report that Seward not only had a policy that would prevent war, but one which would save the country in sixty or ninety days. Mr. Lothrop's conclusion is that Seward had no definite policy, and that, if he believed that the difficulty would be solved in such short order, he was only as much mistaken as some other men of that time. Our biographer argues that Seward did not deceive Campbell and the Commissioners; but he is only able to make his point by overlooking Campbell's important declaration that, before he gave to the Commissioners the written statements of his conclusions from what Seward had said to him, those statements were submitted to and approved by Justice Nelson, who was present at the three important interviews between Campbell and Seward. The significant fact is that, although Campbell's declarations of what had taken place were soon published, Justice Nelson is not known to have questioned their truthfulness in any particular. Mr. Lothrop does not frankly admit the accuracy of the conclusions of other writers about Seward's efforts to make himself the actual ruler of the Administration; yet he finds it impossible to explain or define some of Seward's acts shortly before the outbreak of the war. Again, he praises Seward for the secrecy and skill which he showed in his management of the attempt to reinforce Fort Pickens, but he passes over unnoticed the fact that Seward disclosed to a South Carolinian the particulars of the attempt to reprovision Fort Sumter.

Aside from a few leading features, the book has numerous highly meritorious qualities. It is entertaining and displays a zealous solicitude for Seward's historical welfare. If some one had gone ahead and opened a way through the tangled forest of conflicting evidence, Mr. Lothrop would undoubtedly have presented a volume that would have taken rank among the best of those in this Series.

"The Well at the World's End"

By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co.

It is significant that the romantic movement, which sent all European peoples back to the origins of their national life, should have led English writers to Norman and Celtic sources, and not to Saxon. The few who have derived any inspiration from the latter do not compare with Tennyson, Southey, Frere and the numerous others who have drawn upon the Arthurian and similar legends. The prose romances of William Morris are the weightiest contribution on the other side, and even they are steeped in a sort of Welsh-Norman glamor, and have little resemblance to the old German romance or Anglo-Saxon chronicle. In "The Well at the World's End," the names of places and persons are as English as may be; and, though we traverse, with the hero, lava fields and volcanic mountains, and fall among wild men and pagan tribes, we never cross the Channel; and, wherever a bit of reality crops up, it is English, though usually also modern.

But there is a very un-English vagueness in the scope and the conduct of the story; we are left in doubt as to whether it contains an allegory or no; and at the end we cannot discover that the author had any purpose but to keep his boy-hero busy, and the reader occupied with his inconsequential adventures through two stout volumes.

This much he accomplishes. It is easy to put down the book at any time; but easy, also, to take it up again. After we have grown accustomed to the oddities of manner, the obsolete words, long-winded speeches and ceaseless repetitions copied from the old romances, and to the puzzlement as to time and place in which the author leaves us, we begin to enjoy the rambling movement of the story, the constant change of scene, and to grow mildly interested in our travelling companions. Ralph, the king's son of Upmeads, who is directed to the search for the Well of the Renewal of Youth by his gossip, the merchant's wife, is an ingenious young gentleman, who kisses every female he meets, and has just enough wit not to fight when the odds are against him. There is a good deal of frank and unclothed love-making, somewhat in the manner of Malory; a good deal of description of "fair chambers, cunningly wrought," green meads and forests, small streams and swelling floods. For the rest, mysteries thicken about the Well and those that have drunk thereof, and are never cleared up. In the Wood Perilous, Ralph rescues a distressed and scantily clad dame, whom he had just parted with in man's attire. Relieved from her captors, she leaps on a horse and gallops away. But she finds means to have him led to a castle of hers, which is the abode of perpetual peace and abundance, while its mistress is running all sorts of risks in the wood a few paces away. Here she keeps him waiting until he will wait no longer. He takes to the wood again in the nick of time to deliver her once more—from her husband, on this occasion.

All is brought about by the lady's witchcraft and supernatural lore. She has drunk of the Well and purposes to lead her deliverer there; yet for all her foresight and cunning, she lets herself be killed by her husband in her lover's absence. This is a fair sample of the sweet unreasonable-ness of the tale. The lady is Queen of the Knights Companions of the Dry Tree, a rakehell set given to reaving and thieving. Deep in the second volume, and beyond the wall of the world, the hero comes upon the original of their cognisance, a large, leafless tree, standing in a pool, it would seem, of sulphuric acid, and surrounded by row upon row of dead adventurers, who had drunk the poison deeming it the real usquebaugh or *aqua vite* of the Well at the World's End. When he comes to this episode, the reader is likely to polish up his faculties and keep a sharp lookout for hints of a hidden meaning. "Aha!" he cries, "now we are to have matters cleared up a little. There is, perhaps, a spring of sound and helpful doctrine intended in the remote Well, which is counterfeited by some pernicious superstition of the witch-lady and her champions." But he will trouble himself to no purpose. The real Well and its surroundings make just such a background as Burne-Jones would choose for the picture of the hero and his second love taking a sea-bath after drinking of it. And, on their return to Upmeads, the companions of the Dry Tree gallantly aid them to fight the enemies that have gathered against the old king. In short, the story has no such strong central motive as "The House of the Wolfings." It is such stuff as dreams are made of; but it will fill an idle day very agreeably.

It may not be inappropriate, now that Morris has joined the silent majority and left only his monumental work behind him, to quote Mr. Walter Crane's statement that "News from Nowhere" was written as a sort of counterblast to Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Morris used to be considerably annoyed, says Mr. Crane, "in the course of his socialist lecturing, at criticism which went upon the assumption that he desired the establishment of a system of society cut and dried to its smallest details; and when Bellamy's

famous book appeared, with its infinite detail and precise statements as to the minute regulation of life in the society of the future, the American picture of Utopia was frequently quoted to Morris as a proof of the hardness and want of human plasticity that would prevail under a socialist régime. It was after one of his lectures, when this criticism had been urged for the hundredth time or so, that the poet lost his temper and declared to a group of comrades just afterwards, 'I'll write a Utopia myself.' And 'News from Nowhere' was the result."

"Famous American Actors of To-day"

Edited by Frederic Edward McKay and Charles E. L. Wingate. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

AS IS EXPLAINED by the authors in a prefatory note, "to-day" is meant to include the decade which is just closing. Even with this restriction it is not easy to understand the principle of selection adopted in making out this list of "famous actors." Among the names which figure in it, for instance, are those of Agnes Booth, Maurice Barrymore, W. J. Lemoyne, E. M. Holland, Georgia Cayvan, E. H. Sothern, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta Crabtree, Minnie Maddern-Fiske, Stuart Robson, Sol Smith Russell and Nat C. Goodwin, while no mention whatever is made of Edwin Varrey, Mme. Ponisi, James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, C. W. Couldock, Ada Dyas, Eben Plympton, Joseph Wheelock, J. S. Clarke, Milnes Levick and many others equally entitled to remembrance. The fact, of course, is that none of the players here enumerated has established any title to fame, although all of them have enjoyed a greater or less amount of local popularity. It is a curious sort of judgment that excludes James Lewis, Mme. Ponisi (one of the soundest actresses of her day), C. W. Couldock (who has played well every variety of character for fifty years), Eben Plympton (the best leading man in the country) and the delightful Mrs. Gilbert from a class to which Maggie Mitchell, Lotta Crabtree and Stuart Robson are admitted; and it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the choice was dictated by some other motive than that of merit.

As a matter of fact, only three of the really famous players mentioned in the book, Joseph Jefferson, Helena Modjeska and Mme. Janauschek, remain in active service, and of these, alas, the day is drawing to a close. Booth, Barrett, Wallack, Florence, John Gilbert, William Warren and others of less note are dead, and Mrs. John Drew is in retirement. The book, indeed, demonstrates the melancholy truth that the race of famous American actors is all but extinct, without affording any reasonable ground for hope that it may be renewed in the near future. It is true that some players of good all-round capacity are still left to us. Clara Morris yet lives and acts, but no further attainment is to be expected of her once extraordinary powers. Fanny Davenport, Ada Rehan, Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, W. J. Lemoyne, Rose Coghlan, Georgia Cayvan and James O'Neil—we are quoting from the list supplied by Messrs. Wingate and McKay—are excellent performers in their different ways, but they are no better to-day than they were ten years ago, while all of them, not to be too specific on so tender a subject, have reached or passed their prime. When they have run their course, who are to take their places? The positions which they have held for ten or twenty years are not disputed by any members of the rising generation. Already it is notorious that local managers are at their wits' end to find capable leading men and leading women. Mr. John Drew is a first-rate light comedian, and is exhibiting encouraging signs of artistic growth, and the ability of Mr. Richard Mansfield is indisputable, hampered and clogged as it is by faults of temperament. Mr. E. H. Sothern is young and earnest, and may yet distinguish himself in comedy and romance, while Mr. E. M. Holland is likely to become eminent in eccentric character acting of all kinds. But these exceptions are but slight gleams of light in a generally dark outlook. It is more

than ever plain that the supply of competent actors has been cut off by the abolition of genuine stock companies, and that the American theatre is becoming more and more dependent upon the foreign stage.

Considered simply as a book of theatrical biographies collected from various sources, this volume is superior to many of its predecessors, being well written for the most part, and full and accurate in detail. Nearly all the selected authors have the essential qualifications of being familiar with their subjects, although their professed criticism is too apt to take the pleasant form of mere eulogy. This is the case with Mr. Edward King's article on Joseph Jefferson, but the charm of this veteran player's exquisite art is, perhaps, a sufficient excuse for enthusiasm. Mr. Clapp's essay on Edwin Booth, reprinted from *The Atlantic*, is, of course, an admirable bit of critical work, even in the eyes of those who may dissent from some of its conclusions. Mr. Philip Hale's estimate of Janauschek, high as it is, will scarcely satisfy those who are old enough to remember that extraordinary woman in the days of her magnificent prime. Mr. Berg, too, scarcely does justice to the wonderful versatility of W. J. Florence, whose popularity as a man, curiously enough, diverted attention from his range, almost unequalled in his own day, as an actor. Mrs. John Drew, a really great artist, is worthy of something much better than the stupid puff of which she is made the victim. Mr. E. A. Dithmar, always an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Rehan, contributes an interesting and exhaustive review of the work of that popular and undoubtedly clever actress; and Mrs. E. G. Sutherland furnishes a remarkably well written and appreciative study of Boston's great comedian, William Warren. Individual mention of the remaining biographies is unnecessary. Most of them are written chiefly from the point of view of the personal friend or admirer; but the book, as a whole, if simply for purposes of reference, is worthy of a corner on the book-shelves of any theatrical library. The plentiful and excellent illustrations alone will make it popular.

"On the Trail of Don Quixote"

Being a Record of Rambles in the Ancient Province of La Mancha. By August F. Jaccaci. With 130 Illustrations by Daniel Vierge.

TO FOLLOW in the footsteps of the last flower of chivalry across the dusty and thirsty plains of La Mancha and the rocky wilderness of the Moreno, has been the happy lot of these two lovers of Cervantes and his great book. Though they did not journey together, yet each put up at the same inns, jolted over the same roads and encountered many of the same characters. Their notes of impressions, therefore, tally with one another, and together make up a charming book. From Madrid they set out to the village of Argamasilla, where they viewed the cellar in which Cervantes was confined, and in which he conceived the scheme of his famous romance. There, in the cobwebby and fly-blown inn, while the pig-skin bottle passed around, Mr. Jaccaci learned that "Don Quixote" is thought of by the natives as a mine of hidden lore, treating, but in a deep, mysterious fashion, of the arts of money-getting, perhaps of alchemy. The portrait of Don Rodrigo de Pacheco, the original of Quixote, still adorns the church; the peasants still make their frugal meal of bread and peas, with warnings against greediness from the host; Americans are all supposed to be like half-breed Mexicans, part Spanish, part Indian; and the ancient joke about the bridge seven leagues wide across the disappearing Guadiana is still repeated to the mystified traveller.

Artist and author explored the enchanted cave of Montesinos, which is probably an old Roman copper-mine. They visited the weird windmills of Crijitano, admired the enormous wine-jars of Toboso, and encountered there a fanatical innkeeper, who "talks like a linnet out of a very small head" about the impiety of the age. The last stages of the journey took them across the Moreno, once the home of

brigands and still dangerous to the solitary traveller; and they leave us on the confines of Andalusia, with the song of a muleteer descending into that happy region of castanets and pomegranates, of Gypsies and bull-fighters, in our ears.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE



CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS

Vierge's illustrations are but rarely well printed. His effects depend on the expressiveness of his delicate line, and the variety of grey tints which bear up his telling blacks and whites. Printed from shallow "process" blocks on hard-surfaced paper, the effect of his drawings is spoiled by its abominable gloss. In the present book, the paper, though loaded with clay, has a certain texture, and the result is that these illustrations show up here to much better advantage than they did in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, where they were first printed. But somebody should do Vierge the justice of printing his best work on China paper. Until this is done, he will remain, but for an occasional exception, practically an unknown artist—a name, and nothing more, to most Americans.

"The Wheels of Chance"

By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

THE BICYCLE grows more and more pervasive of all regions of life; already we desecrate dimly the day when it will not only be in actual fact the chief means of locomotion, but when also, literature reproducing life, the heroines of fiction will no longer simply walk (or, like Mr. Meredith's, swim), but universally pedal into the affections of the reader. Mr. Wells, whose vision has already penetrated far into the future, may have observed this probability, and undertaken to prepare us for it by his "bicycling idyll," as the sub-title designates this tale. Yet, in its actual circumstances, he goes no further than the vivid present, and thereby adds to the interest of his book. Coming races may be all very well in their way, but, after all, most people like to read about themselves. The part of a newspaper most eagerly devoured is that which de-

scribes a function at which they have themselves assisted; and this principle leads one to question the insight which dictated the conditions attached to a recent advertisement for short stories by an agricultural paper, absolutely rejecting portrayals as well as caricatures of rural life. These reflections account for our liking "The Wheels of Chance" decidedly better than the unfamiliar futurity of "The Time-Machine" or "Dr. Moreau." It has all the whimsicality and freshness which the most jaded reader could desire; but they are applied to conditions not obviously impossible. On the contrary, so lifelike is the presentment that we have found ourselves several times quite absorbed in the progress of the young people's fortunes, and reading quickly on to see how they were extricated from the various embarrassing predicaments, only less harrowing in their perplexity than those of the insufficiently appreciated book to which we have before referred as a classical example of this kind of story, Stevenson's "Wrong Box."

The initial furnishing of the tale is of the slightest. The hero, unpromising as it may seem, is a very commonplace draper's clerk of Putney, "of a pallid complexion, hair of a kind of dirty fairness, greyish eyes, and a skimpy, immature moustache under his peaked, indeterminate nose." One of the cleverest features of the book is the way in which it demonstrates what a knightly heart beats beneath this unromantic exterior. The whole action is confined within the space of a ten days' vacation conceded to Mr. Hoopdriver, and spent by him in bicycling along the delightful South Coast of England. How a damsel in distress wheels (not swims) into his ken; how he is inspired to succor her, little knowing into what complicated adventures his chivalry will lead him; how, not being born a gentleman, he is yet made into one for the time by the transforming influence of her fair presence; how, after many a bold and fortunate deed, he rescues her from her greatest peril, and goes back to his counter with new views of life and new ideals—all these things must be read in Mr. Wells's sparkling pages, and will be followed with unusual pleasure, not only for the fund of humorous incident with which the book abounds, but for the light, sure touch upon the varied aspects of human nature which was so brilliantly displayed in the "Select Conversations with an Uncle," and shows no signs of failing the author.

Signor Arditì's Reminiscences

My Reminiscences. By Luigi Arditì. Edited and compiled, with Introduction and Notes, by the Baroness von Zedlitz. Illus. Dodd, Mead & Co.

IT WAS MARK TWAIN who remarked once, with more modesty than truth, "I'm not much of a reminiscer." Very few persons are good "reminiscers." It requires a singular absence of self-consciousness to tell the story of those things "quorum pars magna fui," without the appearance of heralding one's own greatness. On the other hand, it is difficult for a man who has really been an important factor in the events which he describes to relate them in a modest style without concealing much of his own merit. Signor Arditì has chosen the best method. He tells his story frankly and unaffectedly, and does not hesitate for an instant to display his honest pride in his own achievements and in the distinguished associations of a fruitful career. He makes no pretensions to literary style, but prattles along in a free and careless conversational way which is quite charming. The story of Arditì's experience covers the history of Italian opera for half a century. It has been a very remarkable half-century, too. Some of the greatest singers the world has ever known, including her to whom must be accorded the palm as the most admirable vocalist of all, have flourished in that period. Some of the most notable operas by the famous modern masters have been produced, and there have been revivals historic in their importance.

At some time or in some place, Arditì, either as the humble violinist, or as the conductor, has been concerned in

these events, and he has poured out of the storehouse of his memory and his note-books an olla podrida of history and anecdote which is not only pleasant reading, but of serious value. A goodly number of the anecdotes are agreeable rather because of their naïveté than their humor, but they serve to throw side-lights upon interesting personalities; and which of us does not catch eagerly at the slightest trifle bearing upon the personality of a famous artist, musical or otherwise? Grisi, Mario, Alboni, the great contralto who grew too corpulent to act, Piccolomini, the idol of a set in her day, Pauline Viardot, who still teaches her admired style, Adelina Patti, the infant phenomenon of the operatic stage and its goddess in later years, Steffanoni, Brignoli, Giuglini, Bottesini, the famous bass player, and the historic Mapleson flit and flutter through Arditì's pages in procession more imposing than the ghosts whose crowns seared Macbeth's eyeballs.

The book is a substantial addition to the biographical department of musical history. Moreover, it is very handsomely made. The paper is heavy and of fine quality, the type large and attractive, and the binding artistic. The illustrations are interesting.

"English Society"

Sketched by George du Maurier. Harper & Bros.

THIS SERIES of sketches by the gentle satirist who was taken from us all too soon in the strength of his manhood and at the beginning of a second career, is in every respect a fit monument to his memory. Even his closest friends, his most ardent admirers, could not wish for anything better or more complete. For not only is the artist represented by some of his best, most trenchant sketches, but the author is remembered in an introduction by Mr. W. D. Howells that is full of gentle sympathy and hearty homage. Here we have Mr. Howells at his best—in his literary confessional mood. And his recantation of one of his most cherished tenets is as graceful as could be wished, forced as it is from him by a writer who refuses to be classified and stands alone. Mr. Howells admits that the "confidential attitude of Thackeray," which he has so long fought, is convincing and irresistible in du Maurier, who came "with another eye for life, with a faith of his own which you could share, and with a spirit which endeared him from the first."

As to the drawings, what can we say in praise of them that has not been said time and again? The humor, the satire, so effective notwithstanding the light touch, are all here, as they are in everything that du Maurier drew; for it is as the social philosopher and critic, rather than as the draughtsman, that he will be remembered; and yet, his Englishwoman has become the only type known to art, nor can we think of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins and all her acquaintances in Mayfair differently than as he drew them: the spirit of his short legends is the spirit of his drawings. Most appropriately the volume closes with the scene of Trilby's death.

Thoreau's "Cape Cod" in Colors

Cape Cod. By Henry David Thoreau. With Illustrations from Sketches in Colors by Amelia M. Watson. Holiday Edition. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WE ARE PLEASED to see that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. find it possible to keep on with their experiment of illustrating in colors books of permanent value. Thoreau's "Cape Cod," with its many fine descriptive passages, which have much the quality of a good water-color drawing, lends itself admirably to such illustration; and the numerous pretty vignettes of sea and marsh, grazing land and sand-dunes that have been supplied by the artist, Amelia M. Watson, have been reproduced in a manner that leaves little to be desired. The edition is in two volumes, in a pretty binding of olive and gold which may be expected to last as long as the paper it encloses. The sort of process engraving employed—one of the many photographic ones—has, it must be said, defects that go far to account for the fact that but little of this color work has found use in the illustrating of the better sort of books. It gives, ordinarily, very shallow plates, which make it necessary to use hard-surfaced paper, offensive and fatiguing to the eye and sure to fall into dust and rags in a comparatively short time. The paper in many of the earliest printed books is as white, as firm of texture and as pleasant to look upon to-day as when it

was made; but of that now furnished by the large paper-manufacturers, a very small proportion, if any, will see the end of the next century. This, with the indifference of the public, and the difficulty of finding a printer who knows one color from another, constitutes heavy odds to fight against, and explains how it comes to pass that so few publishers make a success of such work.

From one of these difficulties the present publishers are happily free. They have secured that rare bird, a printer who has an eye for color. Almost the entire charm of Miss Watson's work is in the delicate blending of pale tints of rose-color and yellow, blue, green and purple, and nothing is rarer than that such work, however engraved, should come from the press without the loss of all its distinctive quality. Let the reader compare the reproduction of Hellen's spirited sketch in the Christmas *Herald* with the work in this book, and he will at once perceive the difference between the muddled mess of tints in the newspaper print (which is, nevertheless, much better than the average) and the clear and pure tones of the work in the book. Much remains, it is true, of Hellen's excellent drawing in the *Herald*, with which Miss Watson's cannot be compared; but we are speaking of color only. The public is less indifferent than it used to be; but the great difficulty of the paper remains. We believe it quite possible to produce a paper, which, without filling, will answer all reasonable requirements of the color-printer. If publishers would stimulate the paper-makers to furnish such a quality of paper, they would confer, as matters stand, a real boon upon the reading public. If it does not speedily appear, we shall be obliged, as the desire for color in book-illustration grows, to go back to apparently ruder, but really more artistic methods of engraving—which will be better yet. In any case, the firm which is the first in the field will, we hope and believe, reap a substantial reward.

We hope that the success attained with Thoreau's book will lead to the publishing of many books of permanent value in the same artistic manner.

"The Alhambra"

By Washington Irving. Illustrated with Drawings of the Places Mentioned by Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Co.

IT IS A strange thing to see Mr. Pennell's name on the title-page of a book without that of Mrs. Pennell, and *vice versa*; and it was therefore with a feeling of gladness that we recognized the familiar signature, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, at the foot of the introduction to this thoroughly artistic edition of Irving's well-known book. To praise Mr. Pennell's work is perhaps as superfluous as it is to laud Irving's; but, since Mrs. Pennell has not hesitated to point out wherein the author's work is lacking, we gladly leave to her the task of discovering, also, the defects (if such there be) in the artist's work, and criticising them with wisely frankness. Since she heartily praises Irving's charm, however, we stand willing to admit once more the presence of that quality in her husband's work. What she says of the condition of the Alhambra under the tender care of the officials of the Spanish Government, may well be repeated here, since the Moorish palace belongs to the whole civilized world, as do all treasures of art:—

"Frank neglect is often less an evil than sham zeal. The student, watched, badgered, oppressed by red-tapeism, has not gained by official vigilance; nor is the Palace the more secure because responsibility has been transferred from a pleasant gossiping old woman to half a dozen indolent guides. The burnt roof in the ante-chamber to the Hall of Ambassadors shows the carelessness of which the new officers can be guilty; the matches and cigarette ends with which courts and halls are strewn explain that so eloquent a warning has been in vain. And if the restorer has been let loose in the Alhambra, at the Generalife there is an Italian proprietor, eager, it would seem, to initiate the somnolent Spaniard into the brisker ways of Young Italy. Cypress, old as Zoraida, have already been cut down ruthlessly along that once unrivalled avenue, and their destruction, one fears, is but the beginning of the end."

WE REGRET to learn, through *The Athenaeum*, of the death of Mrs. Brookfield, the friend and correspondent of Thackeray and many other men-of-letters. Mrs. Brookfield wrote several novels, but her real claim to distinction lay in her own charming personality, which drew round her a number of distinguished people and made her a great favorite in cultivated society. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Brookfield led a comparatively retired life. In 1875 she edited a volume of his sermons, and a few years ago she printed in *Scribner's Magazine* a number of the letters Thackeray addressed to her and her husband.

New Books and New Editions

THIS IS the season of year-books and books of daily devotion; ever welcome, their numbers increase, rather than diminish, as the years roll by. The Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, Senior Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El in this city, has written and selected "Sun and Shield: A Book of Devout Thoughts for Every-Day Use," abandoning the guiding line of dates for a line of subjects, systematically arranged and provided with appropriate headings. Though primarily intended for Jews, and stamped on its cover with the seven-branched candlestick, the book will prove an instructive and suggestive companion to Christians as well. (Brentano's.)—"RAYS OF SUNSHINE for Every Day in the Year," and "Ideals," both by S. C., are books belonging to the same category, and may be commended for their contents as well as for their dainty exterior. (James Pott & Co.)—THE REV. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll's "When the Worst Comes to the Worst" is a sermon on the value and consolation of religious help to those who are in a great degree afflicted. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—"A GENTLE HEART," by the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, is an essay on the beauty of gentleness in men and women. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—In "The Happy Life," President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard addresses himself to young men, discussing the higher and lower pleasures of life, and laying stress on the fact that happiness is not dependent on the amount of one's possessions, or the nature of one's employment. Like Dr. Miller's essay, this little homily is bound in white fancy paper boards, stamped in gold. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—AMONG the contents of the new volume of the ever excellent and reliable "American Church Almanac and Year-Book," we notice a summary of the laws of marriage and divorce in the different states and territories of the Union, which will be of great help to clergymen moving from one state to another; and the line of descent of the American Episcopate. (James Pott & Co.)

MR. HORACE PARKER CHANDLER has completed his third and last two-volume series of "The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry: A Collection of Love Poems for Every Day in the Year." The first series is devoted to love prior to marriage; the second to married life and child-life; and the third, recently published, to "The Other Life," the plan of this anthology being to include poems of the inner or spiritual life each one may live while in this world, and of the eternal life, "called by men that 'beyond the grave.'" The six volumes, in their handsome white-and-gold cloth bindings, form a most attractive holiday gift. (Roberts Bros.)—AN EXCELLENT collection of its kind is "The Treasury of American Sacred Song," selected and edited by an Englishman, Mr. W. Garrett Horder, well known for his work on "The Poets' Bible." The collection is, we think, as complete as it can well be made, and, moreover, truly representative of all the later American poets. The earlier ones have been purposely omitted, as Mr. Horder holds that they possess "only an antiquarian interest." Among the editor's American collaborators, to whom he returns thanks in his preface, we notice Mrs. Tjeltson, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bishop Doane, Miss Edith M. Thomas and Dr. J. M. Whiton. (New York: Henry Frowde.)—A NEW edition of Arthur Cleveland Coxe's "Christian Ballads," with additions, has recently been published. (James Pott & Co.)—"VESPER BELLS, and other Verses," by the Rev. Dr. H. G. Batterson, contains his "Christmas Carols, and Other Verses," first published in 1877, and a large collection of new songs. (James Pott & Co.)

THE THOUGHTS that have gone to make the "Christian year-book of courage and good cheer" called "A Daily Thought for a Daily Endeavor" have been gathered from many sources and periods—from Marcus Aurelius to Mr. Edward W. Bok, from Thomas à Kempis to Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, and from St. Francis de Sales to the Rev. T. de Witt Talmage. We meet here again all the authors that seem to be inevitable in the preparation of books of this kind, and wonder once more at their fertility in yielding helpful and uplifting thoughts. The work has been compiled by Eleanor Amerman Sutphen and Eliza Polhemus Sutphen. (Baker & Taylor Co.)—A TRANSLATION of Raimundo Cabrera's "Cuba y sus Jueces" has been made by Laura Guiteras under the title of "Cuba and the Cubans," and revised, edited and completed with an appendix, by Louis Edward Levy. Señor Cabrera, who was at one time a Provincial Deputy, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Cuban Autonomist Party, wrote this work in answer to an attack on Cuba and the Cubans made by an obscure Spaniard in a pamphlet published some years ago. He is dispa-

sionate, logical and statistical, and pitiless in his exposure of the abuses and corruption of the Spanish masters of his people and country. The book has passed through eight editions in Spanish, and may be accepted as a fair statement of the cause of "Cuba libre" from the standpoint of a representative of the best class of Cubans. (Philadelphia: Levytype Co.)

A NOTABLE and most commendable feature of the book-making of to-day is the reprinting of standard works in compact but elegant form—volumes that can be comfortably held in the hand as one lounges in an easy-chair. We rejoice to see added to this class of handy editions Boswell's "Life of Johnson" in six dainty volumes, edited by Mr. Augustine Birrell. He contributes a good introduction, and adds a few notes of his own to the abundant supply selected from Malone and others of his predecessors. He tells us, in the preface, that he had "made many notes, but on reflection struck most of them out—feeling convinced, not of their worthlessness but of their unimportance." Those which he has retained are brief and to the point, and the average reader will be grateful for them. The volumes are faultlessly printed, and each has a photogravure frontispiece—an admirable reproduction of the portrait of Johnson in the National Gallery, views of his birthplace and the Cathedral at Lichfield, Pembroke College Hall, the Cheshire Cheese Inn, and Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. The first edition (1791) of the "Life" was in two ponderous quartos, beside which these half-dozen booklets would look diminutive enough; but who except a bibliophile would not prefer them for actual use? (Macmillan Co.)

LOCKHART'S "Life of Sir Walter Scott" reappears in two handsome volumes bound in dark green and gold, and illustrated with many reproductions of engraved portraits and views of Abbotsford and Melrose. These illustrations are separately printed from the text, and on paper of a different quality, which plan gives the best results attainable with half-tone plates, and does not distress the reader's eyes with a text printed on paper of a shining surface. The frontispieces to the two volumes are portraits of Scott and of Lockhart. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)—MOST APPROPRIATE and timely is the publication of the fourth edition of J. Fitzgerald Molloy's entertaining and informing life of "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington," with its sketches and anecdotes of the many famous men that formed her splendid little court at Gore House. The two volumes will prove a most acceptable holiday gift. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—A NEW EDITION of "Captain Cook's Voyages Round the World" is prefaced with a sketch of the famous navigator's life by Mr. M. B. Synge. The material of the original folio editions is given with but slight abridgment, and the narrative is wonderfully interesting even now. We can imagine what a fascination it must have had at the time of its first publication, when so much of the regions it describes was entirely unknown to Europeans. The absolute impersonality of the record is remarkable. Cook tells the story with scarcely a reference to his own feelings; his likes and dislikes are seldom even hinted at. The illustrations are many and excellent, including maps of the most important regions visited and a facsimile of Cook's account of the transit of Venus in 1769, with his pen-and-ink drawings of the external and internal contacts of the planet with the sun's limb, etc. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

GEORGE SAND's charming story of "La Petite Fadette" has been put into smooth, flowing English by Mrs. James M. Lancaster; and, with reproductions of a few well-chosen illustrations, a pretty cover in green and gold and its neatly printed text, will make a very pleasing holiday gift. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)—"AFTER COLLEGE, WHAT? For Girls," is the somewhat puzzling title of a booklet of twenty-seven pages, by Helen Ekin Starrett. Mrs. Starrett is the principal of a large girls' school and writes from experience. Seeing that the higher education unfits young women for ordinary farm or house work, she thinks that there is but "one adequate adjustment, and that is to seek and find some worthy occupation for our time, talents and energies." That is easier said than done, and we cannot see that Mrs. Starrett has any practical advice to offer, except to those who intend to become teachers, who, she thinks, would do well to choose a specialty. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—THE OLD BALLADS, such as "Chevy Chase," "Annan Water" and the lays of Robin Hood, have a perennial interest of which neither time nor editors can rob them. Mr. George Wharton Edwards has made a good selection in his "Book of Old English

Ballads," which he has decorated with numerous fanciful little head-pieces, some of which look not unlike the old-time woodcut outlines for illuminating. But, like Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Edwards is happiest in such small decorative vignettes, and sometimes fails in his more ambitious full-page designs. His cover design is a somewhat too obvious imitation of Mr. Abbey's work, and is printed in red, green and gold. Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has written an interesting introduction to the collection. (Macmillan Co.)

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THIRTY-FIVE years ago, a book entitled "The Legends of King Arthur and His Knights" appeared under the initials J. T. K., and attracted the attention of Alfred Tennyson. The book led to a long and intimate friendship between the Laureate and the "unknown," who now turns out to be Mr. James Knowles, and who compiled and arranged these dramatic and poetic legends from old Sir Thomas Malory and Geoffrey of Monmouth. The book became so popular that it ran through many editions, long before Lanier's and Lady Guest's charming adaptations, and now annually reappears as fresh and fragrant as the perennial violet, just at the loving Christmastide, when the heart is mellow and the imagination is ready set with kindling-wood to take fire like a flash. "A glorious company, the flower of men," Lord Tennyson dubbed these belted knights, whose feats of prowess re-echo about the Blameless King and image forth the secular side of mystic, supernatural things. The "Idylls of the King" could not be read with a better commentary. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

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PART III of "Shooting Pictures" by D. B. Frost contains two large plates in colors, the first showing a canvas-coated sportsman shooting English snipe in the New Jersey meadows; the second, a lucky individual blazing away at half a dozen unsophisticated prairie chickens in a field of stacked corn. The latter bird is—we are told by Mr. Charles D. Lanier, the well-informed writer of the text which accompanies Mr. Frost's pictures—now to be found in abundance no nearer than Dakota, though it once, and not very long ago, swarmed in myriads in Kentucky and farther east. But, though a bird that takes kindly to civilization and is well worth preserving, it has been driven west with the buffalo and the Indian, and is in danger of extinction if the present rate of slaughter be maintained.

PART IV is devoted to duck-shooting, and the pictures show how the redheads, canvas-backs and blackheads are shot from a "battery" as they alight to dive for the wild celery which makes their meat so toothsome; and how the sportsman who prefers the protection of a "blind" makes himself comfortable behind his screen of marsh-grass at three o'clock in the morning. The battery (a sunken box of wood, zinc or rubber) is about as comfortable as a coffin would be if anchored in shallow water, and the protection offered by the blind against wind and spray is of the slightest. But it is not comfort that the sportsman seeks, but the "mysterious possibilities," ducks, and a gold and solferino sunrise, of which Mr. Lanier writes with so much charm. We have already praised the spirit and truth of Mr. Frost's drawings and the fidelity with which they are reproduced. The little pen-and-ink sketches in the text give a greater scope to his talent, and enable him to show, in sketching the incidents of a day's sport, his familiarity with the natures of sportsmen as well as birds. The series will include three more parts. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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"DAPHNE; OR, THE PIPES OF ARCADIA" is what the author, Marguerite Merington, calls it—"three acts of singing nonsense." The actors are "little shepherdesses, copied out of books of beauty," an Arcadian princess, a fat fairy, a "reasonable sage" and other such oddities. It is clever and amusing, as are also the illustrations by Mr. F. T. Richards of *Life*. As a rule, the libretto of an operetta is made to "go" only by the vivacity and melody of the music. In the present case, the composer's resources will be tasked to match the brightness of the text. "Daphne" was one of the first-prize winners in a recent competition instituted by the National Conservatory of Music. (The Century Co.)—"BREAK O' DAY" and other stories by George Wharton Edwards, fill a little vest-pocket volume, with stamped leather cover and gilt edges. The stories are about the fishing population of the islands off the coast of Maine, and tell of their manner of life, of marrying and giving in marriage, of quarrelling and making up, the history of "A Watch and Chain," and that of "Pop's Yaller Fiddle." It is illustrated with little figure sketches by the author, reproduced in half-tone. (The Century Co.)—A QUEER little book printed in

colors on crape, with clever designs by a Japanese artist, tells a tale of "Karma," in which is set forth, in a series of apologues, something of Dr. Paul Carus's Monistic-Buddhistic philosophy. Karma is a man's self-woven fate—the consequences of his deeds falling back upon him, perhaps in another existence. It is the idea that underlies many of the plots used by Japanese novelists, and Dr. Carus has found it a convenient vehicle for a number of little anecdotes, each with its moral attached, and enlivened occasionally by a few verses. The designs are very good specimens of the Japanese colored illustration of the present day, decidedly inferior to older work, but not without spirit and delicacy. (Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.)—IN A PREFACE to the second edition of her "Life and Letters of George John Romanes," Mrs. Romanes thinks it due to her illustrious husband's memory "to say a word in view of various statements that have been made in America and elsewhere, to the effect that his mental vigor and powers were impaired before his death. These statements are absolutely untrue." This admirable biography by the gifted wife of a brilliantly endowed man was reviewed at length in *The Critic* of June 6. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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OTHER THINGS besides sugar-cane, myrtle, oranges and "Spanish beard" grow in Louisiana: witness the charming collection of "Louisiana Folk-Tales," gathered by Prof. Alcée Fortier and published by the American Folk-Lore Society. These intellectual products of lively Creole fancy are quite as singular and interesting as the eccentric flora of Louisiana, and throw brilliant side-lights on many aspects and faults of Negro-French civilization *à-bas*. Prof. Fortier has been a diligent collector and presents us in this volume with fifteen quaint animal tales, twelve Negro-Creole *märchen à la Grimm*, and fourteen stories of tar-babies, talking eggs, wizards and monkeys. Many of these gatherings are evidently of European, African and East Indian descent, garnished with the curled parsley of the "kinky" African imagination. The tales are told in a soft, musical, abbreviated Negro French, full of charm on Creole lips, humorous and pathetic by turns, and always full of gesture and speaking ellipsis. Prof. Fortier accompanies the *patois* with an English translation and notes, and the whole makes a book that must be dear to the hearts of Mr. Lang and Sir George Cox. Down in the ancient conservative South, these tender, funny old things have sunk, till one day Uncle Remus and Compère Lapin fish them up and reveal their glitter of pure gold to the astonished eye. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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"HALF-HOURS of Travel at Home and Abroad," selected and arranged by Charles Morris, is an illustrated work in four volumes, devoted respectively to America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia. The writers who have been laid under contribution are many and famous, among them being (to name but a very few) Harriet Martineau, Washington Irving, Helen Hunt Jackson, Froude, Humboldt, Darwin, Taine, Hawthorne, Dickens, Stevenson, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Bayard Taylor, de Amicis, Capt. Burnaby, Sir R. F. Burton, Marco Polo, Arminius Vambéry, Amelia B. Edwards, Mungo Park, Speke, Stanley and Livingstone. The reader who takes up one of these volumes of half-hour travel will find himself many hours away from home before he thinks of closing its pages. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—LAURA ENSOR's translation of Alphonse Daudet's "Jack," in two volumes, with many illustrations, has been added to the illustrated edition of the Frenchman's works now in course of publication. "Jack" has many shortcomings which are not found in its author's later works; it is especially of value as it is in part autobiographical, and first drew attention to the striking similarity between Daudet's work and that of Dickens—a similarity in which there can be no suggestion of plagiarism, and of which the younger author has declared himself to be very proud. (Macmillan Co.)—THE THIRD volume in the series of English Love Sonnets contains Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It is printed sumptuously on hand-made paper, with ornamental designs by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. (Copeland & Day.)

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THE DESIGN of the dainty series of American Summer Resorts is obviously to furnish, not a photograph, but a sketch, an impression, by some competent painter, of the sometimes complex, often charming, and always distinctive personality of our leading summer places. The latest issues in the series are "Bar Harbor," by F. Marion Crawford, and "Lenox," by George A. Hibbard, and it seems almost superfluous to say that the portraits furnished by these gentlemen do full justice to their subjects. Mr. Crawford's picture

of Bar Harbor is a dissolving view, showing, against the ever picturesque background of mountain and sea, the fresh and bizarre life of the place in its palmiest days, and also its later and more sedate development. The illustrations are by C. S. Reinhart. Mr. Hibbard's account of Lenox is especially satisfactory in that it takes account, not only of what New York has made of Lenox, but also of what Lenox has graciously been pleased to do for its lovers. From the beginning, Lenox was a town of consideration and importance among its peers, and was not to be patronized, only to be appreciated, even by Manhattan. Mr. Hibbard does full justice to the inherent dignity of the place, its early civilization, and the charm of its great restfulness, as well as to the brilliant social developments of its later life. The dozen sketches of characteristic scenes were made by W. S. Vanderbilt Allen. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Some Outdoor Books

WHOEVER LOVES a bird and is willing to pause, however busy, to listen to a bird's song, will find Miss Florence A. Merriam's "A-Birding on a Bronco" thoroughly enjoyable. She has succeeded in making a companion of the reader—no easy matter,—and we feel as if we, too, had been to California and heard and seen just what the author has so pleasantly described. There is no repetition in the nineteen chapters, which is so often the case, and we come to know the birds by their ways and characteristics, as well as by mere measurements and color, and know them none the less surely. Those readers who shall see these birds in their homes for the first time after reading the book, will recognize them at a glance, and what better evidence than this can there be that the book is what it aims to be? We trust Miss Merriam will travel in many directions and give us more such delightful volumes as this. The illustrations are good, particularly Mr. Fuertes's drawings. Some of the half-tone full-page plates are not quite as clear as desirable, and this is the more to be regretted, as the prominent features of them mentioned in the text do not stand out with the distinctness that the reader naturally looks for. Illustrations like those on p. 13 and p. 99 and others of like character teach us more practical ornithology than any amount of mere bird-portraiture. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"A YEAR IN THE FIELDS" with John Burroughs might well be purchased with several other years, and much of the pleasure that it might hold is packed between the covers of Mr. Clifton Johnson's book of selections from Burroughs's writings. As there are four seasons, we have two chapters for each season—one for the beginning thereof, and one for the end. Spring comes in with water-cresses for a relish and to the music of the frogs; and the bees, before there are flowers, will extract some bee-bread from sawdust. Summer finds us browsing on bird leaves and being browsed upon by mosquitoes; thistledown and other floating, cobwebby things usher in the season of red leaves and yellow corn; and we know that winter is coming when there is talk of hibernating muskrats and the little that they know about the weather. Apparently, they are no wiser than the prophets. This, we are happy to say, is not a book of extracts, but a collection of whole essays put in a new order, and illustrated with pictures in the making of which the snapshot camera has, for once, been happily employed. Yet, probably, the best service that it will do the reader will be to send him to the books out of which the essays were taken. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SEVEN jolly anglers have united in producing the book on "Angling" that fills its proper place in the Out of Doors Library. They write of flies and fly-books, of the wily winanische, otherwise spelled with an *o-u*, of the River Nepogon and the fishes therein, of striped bass and sea-bass, of tarpon in Florida waters, of American game-fishes in general, and of that odd fish, old Izaak Walton. There are many illustrations, which, as well as the reading-matter, are reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—IT MAY BE news to some that a genuine old English village overrun neither with factories nor fashionables still exists; but M. E. Francis's "North Country Village" seems to answer to the description. The people thrive on bacon, the village cross is still extant and so are the village stocks; "a fine aroma of stable" is in the air, and the women wear lilac "bed-gowns." There is not much excitement to be looked for, yet things happen even in such a primitive community; and the stories of Nancy's courting, of the quarrelling of the gilly flowers, of Aunt Jinny's mystery, and of Jack Davis's banns and bull's eyes are good to read. There are many pleasing vignettes in half-tone. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Books for the Young

"PRINCE BOOHOO" was the only son of King Starsungarterz and Queen Kizimforwhateveredid, and he had only one fault, which, however, was too numerous to mention. As for his adventures, a few of them may be enumerated. He spends twelve months in a glass case eating strawberries; goes down in a diving-bell to the salt-water fairies, and is sent to school to a crab; falls foul of the Atlantic cable and follows it to land. His story alternates with that of "Little Smuts," until the two previous tales finally run into one South Sea of adventure. Mr. Harry Jones is the person who reports these matters, and the reader's comprehension thereof is greatly facilitated by the veracious sketches of Mr. Gordon Browne, R. I. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)—"THE BLUE True Story Book," edited by Andrew Lang, is made up of true and approved stories, such as that of Grace Darling, the Chevalier Johnstone's escape from Culloden, and the Spanish conquest of Mexico. It is profusely, but not very well, illustrated and has been divided into short chapters for the use of pupils. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"THE ARRIVAL of 'The Girl at the Dower House'" suddenly made clear to the heart and mind of the rector's daughter that she loved the owner of "The Park"—the great place of the neighborhood. But the Girl won him, though she was not worthy of him at first, and the rector's daughter found consolation in another's love. The Girl, by the way, only learned to appreciate the love of the owner of the Park after she had mourned him for lost. It should be added that she had a very snobbish mother. The story is by Agnes Giberne. (Thomas Whittaker.)

MISS AMY BLANCHARD's latest effort, "Betty of Wye," is, like the other productions of her pen, a wholesome and entertaining little story. The heroine is not an historical character, as might at first be supposed. Her inherited tastes and tendencies are correct; but, having been brought up in an extremely haphazard way by a father "who was a visionary, quiet man," and a mother whose motto one might suppose to be "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," on leaving home she commits some minor sins against the social code, which nearly result in her ostracism from her own class. However, before it is too late she is discovered by relatives and it all ends happily. The book is well illustrated. With its predecessors, "Twenty Little Maidens" and "Two Girls," it forms the Blanchard Library for Girls, and will be a welcome holiday addition to many a bookshelf. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—THE EIGHTH in the series of "Cameos from English History," by C. M. Yonge, possesses the same interest and value for young students of English history as its predecessors. The volume embraces the period from 1662 to 1743. (Macmillan Co.)—THE BOYS who read "Father Brightshoes" forty-four years ago can get their grandsons "The Prize Cup" by the same author. Although Mr. J. T. Trowbridge will soon have reached his threescore years and ten, his latest story is as full of youthful spirit and interest in life as if it had been written by a young man. The scene is laid in New England, which the veteran author knows and loves so well. The introduction of lawn sprinklers, bicycles and the slang and doings of two college chums gives the book quite a modern tone. The plot hinges on the mysterious disappearance of a trophy won by Fred Melverton in a boat-race, and its unexpected finding in the phoebe's nest on the eve of Oak Ordway's trial for stealing it. The book is manly in tone and has just enough of the detective element to commend it to all properly constructed youngsters. (The Century Co.)

MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD's "Boy's Book of Rhymes" has been brought out just in time for the holidays, handsomely printed and simply, but attractively, bound in boards. Of course, the boys will care less for these attractive features than for the rhymes themselves, which, by the way, will have as much attraction for their sisters. (Boston: Copeland & Day.)—A VOLUME of "Fairy Tale Plays, and How to Act Them," by Mrs. Hugh Bell, will be found a most useful addition to any play-room library. The plays have been arranged so that the number of performers can easily be reduced or enlarged to suit the circumstances; and Mrs. Bell's preliminary chapter on acting for children will be found full of simple yet important hints. Mr. Lancelot Speed has illustrated the book, which contains many a delightful winter night's entertainment. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"SIR KNIGHT of the Golden Pathway," by Anna S. P. Duryea, is a tale about a child, rather than for children. It is illustrated by Mabel Wilder Baldwin. (G. P.

Putnam's Sons.)—"PIERRETTE," by Marguerite Bouvet, is a tale of Paris, very much like its predecessors from the same pen in style and scope. It is illustrated by Will Phillip Hooper. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)—*St. Nicholas* for 1896, in two volumes, has just appeared in its familiar covers of red, black and gold. The monthly's popularity grows from year to year, and it deserves its success. (Century Co.)—THE ILLUSTRATIONS to the Nimrod Edition of Captain Mayne Reid's "Young Voyageurs; or, The Boy Hunters in the North," endeavor, like the text, to depict the fauna of the wild West, but do not succeed quite so well. Mayne Reid's descriptions are vivid enough without any illustrations, and no excuse is needed for republishing any of his books for boys, which are among the very best things of their kind. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Where John Harvard's Mother Lived at Stratford-on-Avon.—I find that in "Shakespeare the Boy," when referring to the famous old house on the High Street in Stratford (of which a cut is given on page 59), I neglected to mention that it was built by Thomas Rogers, the maternal grandfather of John Harvard, the early benefactor of Harvard College for whom the institution was named. Here John's mother, Katherine Rogers, lived from 1596 until her marriage with Robert Harvard in 1605, and hither she may have returned to attend the funeral of her father in February, 1610, perhaps bringing her little boy—born in 1607—with her. The house is the best specimen of the ancient architecture in Stratford, and one of the best to be seen anywhere in England. The cut gives no idea of the elaborate carving on its front; but this is well shown in the full-page heliotype in Mr. Henry F. Waters's "Genealogical Gleanings in England," where these facts concerning the parentage of John Harvard first appeared. On the front of the house, under the second-story window, is the inscription,

TR 1596 AR

The "AR" doubtless stands for Alice Rogers, the second wife of Thomas. Mr. Waters apparently did not perceive that this proves that this second marriage occurred before 1596. He found no record of the burial of the first wife, Margaret, but that of Alice was on the 17th of August, 1608, and that of her husband on the 20th of February, 1610-11. Robert Harvard was a butcher, in the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, London, in which the Globe Theatre stood when Shakespeare was one of its shareholders. Robert died in 1625, and was buried in St. Saviour's Church. His widow appears to have been married twice (to John Elletson and Richard Yearwood) before her death in 1635; but the date of the Elletson marriage (Jan. 19, 1625) given by Mr. Waters cannot be correct if that of Robert Harvard's death (Aug. 24, 1625) is right.

The Lounger

"YOU KNOW THAT the Scribners are about to publish Krehbiel's 'How to Listen to Music,'" writes Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known musical critic of the *Times*, and author of several well-received books on music. "You may also know that Krehbiel's ideals in musical art are much the same as my own. Last winter or early in the spring I read in *The Critic* that he was preparing his book. Lo and behold! I also was preparing the same book. Three or four years ago I became convinced that it was needed and made a rough plan which I lost. Last winter I made another in

detail and wrote my introductory passages. Seeing Krehbiel's announcement, I went up to visit him and found him well on with his work. He showed me his plan, and chapter for chapter, except in one matter, we had been working on the same lines, with the same purposes. The only material difference was that he gave a chapter to the functions of the conductor, while I gave him only part of one on orchestral performance. Of course, as I found that he was covering my ground, I stopped at once. But I should like to know what outcries of plagiarism would have burst forth if I had gone on with my work."

* * *

THE POPULARITY of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates" seems to be unabated. The Messrs. Scribner tell me that it still sells at the rate of four to five thousand copies a year. They have just brought out a new edition, which they expect will have the effect of increasing the sales. This book has been a classic almost since its first publication. A comparatively unknown publisher by the name of Kane, somewhere downtown, first brought out the book. Then, when Mrs. Dodge became the editor of *St. Nicholas* (then published by Scribner & Co.), the Messrs. Scribner acquired the plates and the copyright of the book. With this it took a new lease of life, and it has shown no failing

in popularity since those days. I believe that Mrs. Dodge has had thousands of letters from children about this book, and hundreds asking her for the pen that she wrote it with. I would advise her, the next time she is writing a book, to take up a new pen with every word, if she wants to supply the demand.

* * *

AMONG THE MANY houses, cathedrals, mountains, etc., that Mr. Hegger, the photographer, has reproduced, on a large scale, with a skill that makes them veritable works of art, none is more familiar to Americans than the cottage to which "Shakespeare the boy" addressed his steps, when Anne Hathaway wove about him the spell that

has made her name immortal, and her humble home a literary shrine of perpetual interest to the English-speaking race. The accompanying reproduction conveys a fair idea of the extraordinary picturesqueness of the cottage, but not of the lifelikeness of the large carbon photograph on which it is based.

* * *

I HAD the pleasure of a long talk with Ian Maclaren the day before he sailed, and he expressed himself as being very much pleased with his visit to America. He spoke particularly of the literary men he had met (he seems to have met the most of them), and if he ever sees fit to publish his opinions, he will make even more friends than he already has over here. I asked Dr. Watson if he had any thought of writing a book on the United States, but he only smiled at the suggestion. He will, however, write a few papers on certain phases of American life that impressed him, and these will appear in *The Outlook*, as they have been promised to his friend Dr. Abbott. At present he is not equal to writing at all. He has made two or three attempts within the past few days, but the result has been tossed into the waste-paper basket.

* * *

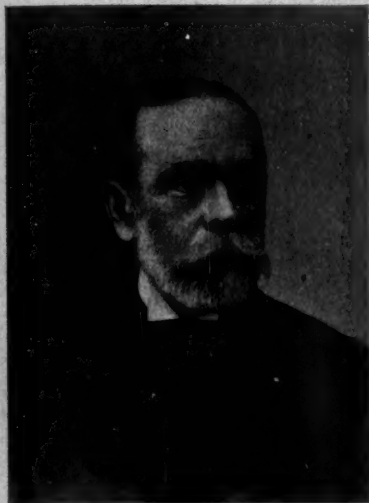
I AM NOT surprised that Dr. Watson, notwithstanding his splendid physique, should be exhausted. For the past week he has lectured three times a day, and in different towns. On one day, for example, he lectured at the Union Theological Seminary in the morning, at Paterson, N. J., in the afternoon, and at Englewood, N. J., in the evening. That was on Saturday, and on Sunday he preached in Plymouth Church. I have it from no less an authority than Major Pond himself that Dr. Watson has made



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

\$30,000 out of his 150 lectures in this country. Certainly, no lecturer who ever visited us is more welcome to our gold, for he gave us the equivalent in genuine pleasure. Dr. and Mrs. Watson, who were the guests of Mr. Andrew Carnegie while in New York, sailed for England on Wednesday, followed by the best wishes of thousands of American friends.

MR. EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN, whose portrait I print here apropos of the recent publication of his "Problems of Modern Democracy" (see review on page 397 of this number), is too well and widely known



to need eulogy or characterization in this column. His services to this city have been numerous and important. Now he has turned for a while from preaching the best kind of "practical" politics to studies of the philosophy of democratic government.

"My *Critic* has just come," writes Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee. "It opened itself at The Lounger. The first thing that confronted me was the saddest picture of Ian MacLaren I have ever seen; and then—how could you do it!—that fatal

sentence underneath, telling the wide, wide world that this is the way the genial Ian felt, reading that country criticism of mine upon his fetching lecturing way. I have tried to find a copy, to see what I said. Was it really so bad? I remember thinking, when I slipped it into the letter-box, that he would almost like it. (I liked it so much myself, that I was afraid I ought to have cut more of it out.) And now it has come to this! Perhaps Mr. Rockwood snapped at the wrong moment. Perhaps the gentle sadness passed away toward the end. Perhaps it was just the jokes. Anyway, being criticised is becoming to him.

"BUT, AS AN EDITOR, what do you think of the effect upon contemporary criticism of having photographers around—loose—like this? Do you expect us poor fellows, criticising for dear life, to live up to *The Critic's* ideal of independent comment, when we are liable to wake, almost any fine morning, only to be solemnly faced by our victims themselves, gazing rebukingly back at us, out of the very columns where we have tried to tell the world their faults? And to think I shamelessly signed my name! Can I ever sit down again to say what I honestly think? The faces of authors haunt my desk. I see them now—Margaret Ogilvy's boy, and Mowgli's father, and Grant Allen, and Zangwill, John Oliver Hobbes and ———, etc. A new theme is put down in my note book: 'The Abuse of the Camera; or, The Cowing of Critics.'"

"APROPOS OF MR. LOCKE RICHARDSON's very interesting 'new interpretation' of a famous passage from Shakespeare," writes Mr. Howard Crosby Butler of Princeton University, "may I be permitted to ask a few questions relative to the use of English Scriptures in and before Shakespeare's time? If Shakespeare wrote his Falstaff plays from the standpoint of the time of Henry IV, when Sir John is supposed to have lived, did he assume that English Bibles were used in churches and at home so long before the Reformation? If they were, the translation was probably Wyckliffe's, or some other early version. But are we to understand that these Scriptures were commonly read and committed to memory by the people of Roman Catholic England? The question of Scripture-reading by the laity had been fought out in Shakespeare's own day; he must have known that the people of over a hundred years before had had little recourse to the Bible. Is it not more probable, when the young Falstaff sang in the church choir, that he raised his voice to 'Dominus regit me' than to 'the Lord is my Shepherd'?"

"IF, ON THE OTHER HAND," Mr. Butler continues, "we conceive of Shakespeare as depicting his Falstaff from the point of view of his own time, would he not have provided him with a translation of the Scriptures certainly no later than the reign of Edward VI, rather than the version of King James quoted by Mr. Richardson? The difference between the older translation of the Psalms and that of King James is not important, the lines in question from the XXIII Psalm reading, in the prayer-book of Edward VI, 'He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.' Shakespeare himself was doubtless familiar with parts of the Holy Scriptures, but it is difficult to think of the Bible as a household book, or of a lad well-versed in Biblical quotations, much before the seventeenth century. It would be interesting to know if, in Shakespeare's day, it had become a part of every 'well-brought-up' child's education to be able to commit a portion of the Psalter."

A Book and Its Story

P. G. HAMERTON: AUTHOR, PAINTER AND ETCHER

THE LIFE of Philip Gilbert Hamerton was an uneventful one so far as adventures go, but he managed to make a most fascinating story of it, though he only brought it down to his twenty-fifth year.



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PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

It had been known ever since his death that he had left an autobiography behind him, and it was supposed that it covered the greater part of his life. The announcement that it covered only so short a portion as twenty four years was a great disappointment to his many admirers. Had they known how well the work would be taken up and carried on by his wife, they would have felt less regret. Mrs. Hamerton has done her part with skill and taste. The fragment that Mr. Hamerton left seemed too small to publish by itself, and so his wife was urged to take up the work where he had left off. This, after much hesitation, she consented to do, being influenced by the fact that the autobiography was carried up to the date of their marriage, and that she was therefore familiar with his life from that time to the day of his death.

The book ("Philip Gilbert Hamerton: An Autobiography, and a Memoir by His Wife") is published by Mr. Hamerton's regular American publishers, Messrs. Roberts Bros. Anyone who is familiar with his style will be prepared for the pleasure that he will find in this volume. The great charm of this author's writings is the agreeable personal note that runs through everything that he has published. He is always frank, and he is nowhere more so than in the story of his life. He gives as his principal reason for writing an autobiography that he is the only person in the world who knows enough about his personal history to give a truthful account of it, and because he dreaded the possibility of falling into the hands of some writer who might attempt to write his biography with inadequate materials. In writing this book, he says:—

"My rule shall be to say nothing that can hurt the living, and the memory of the dead shall be dealt with as tenderly as may be compatible with a truthful account of the influences that have impelled me in one direction or another. I have all the more kindly feelings toward the dead, that when these pages shall appear I shall be one of themselves, and therefore unable to defend my own memory as they are unable to defend theirs. The notion of being a dead man is not entirely displeasing to me. If the dead are defenseless, they have this compensating advantage, that nobody can inflict upon them any sensible injury; and in beginning a book which is not to see the light until I am lying comfortably in my grave, with six feet of earth above me to deaden the noises of the upper world, I feel quite a new kind of security and write with a more complete freedom from anxiety about the quality of the work than has been usual at the beginning of manuscripts."

At the same time he does not believe in praising the dead who, when living, did not deserve praise. His father is no exception to this rule. He was a rough, roistering man, who made his son's life unhappy while living with him; and the son does not hesitate to say so. He does not say it with any pleasure at being revenged upon the dead, but because, as a faithful chronicler, there was nothing else for him to do. His father never read a book, and was perfectly indifferent to the influences of art. After the death of his wife, to whom he was devoted, he lived alone with servants, apart from the class to which he was born:—

"He and his friends drank when they were together to make society merrier, and when they happened to be alone they drank to make solitude endurable. Had they drunk light wines like French peasants or beer like Germans, they might have lasted longer, but their favorite drink was brandy in hot, strong grogs, accompanied by unlimited tobacco. They dined in the middle of the day, and had the spirit decanters and the tobacco-box on the table instead of dessert, frequently drinking through the whole afternoon and a long evening afterwards. In the morning they slaked alcoholic thirst with copious drafts of ale. My father went on steadily with this kind of an existence without anything whatever to rescue him from its gradual and fatal degradation."

When quite young the boy was left to the care of his aunts, one of whom was the only mother he ever knew. The father, however, believed that a boy should be brought up by a man, and the unfortunate child was sent for to come home. His life with his father was one long nightmare, but finally, at the age of thirty-nine, the cruel parent died and left the boy to happiness and to his aunt. After his father's death, which was a violent one, he was taken by this aunt into the chamber of the dead:—

"The corpse was lying on its side amidst disordered bedclothes, and to this day I can never go into a bedroom where the bed has not been made without feeling as if there were a corpse in it. That dreadful childish sensation received when I saw my father's body just as it lay at the close of the death agony can even now be revived by the sight of a disordered bed; such is the force of early impressions, especially when they are received by a nervous system that has been overwrought by the extreme of mental wretchedness."

Notwithstanding all that he had been made to suffer, the boy was deeply affected by his father's death. His aunt again had charge of him. He was left well off by his strange father, and was sent to school, and later to college. He enjoyed the study of modern languages, and loved to read, but was not particularly fond of study, nor was he ambitious of intellectual or social distinction. He was a dilettante and a dreamer by nature, and it is to his credit that, when he lost his little fortune, he threw dilettantism to the winds, awoke from his dreams, and went to work, not only with a will, but with enthusiasm. Indeed, it was work that finally killed him, for he does not seem to have been of the temperament to stand all that he put upon himself.

"In the year 1851," writes Hamerton, "I went to London for the first time, to see the great exhibition. My first impression of London was exactly what it has ever since remained. It seemed

to me the most disagreeable place I had ever seen, and I wondered how anybody could live there who was not absolutely compelled to do so. At that time I did not understand the only valid reason for living in London, which is the satisfaction of meeting with intelligent people who know something about what interests you and do not consider you eccentric because you take an interest in something that is not precisely and exclusively moneymaking."

Although he liked certain things that London gave, and that no city but London can give, Hamerton preferred the country as a place of residence. Either in France or England, when he made a home, it was among the trees and the flowers and the green fields. When the time came for him to choose a profession, his friends urged him to take orders, but he had no leaning that way. His own desire was equally balanced between literature and painting, and he had enough money to enable him to be an amateur in either profession. He studied art under a commonplace painter named Pettitt. While in London, he met a number of the famous artists of the day, among them C. R. Leslie, who introduced him to others well known in the ranks of art and letters. At about this time Hamerton had a scheme for traveling in Egypt and laid it before Mr. Ruskin, who said "that he avoided traveling in countries where he could not be sure of ordinary comforts, such as a white table-cloth and a clean knife and fork; still, he would put up with a great deal of inconvenience to be near a mountain. Talking of Turner's paintings in comparison with his water-colors, he said he would rather have half the drawings than all the oil-pictures."

One of the most interesting persons whom Hamerton met at this time was old Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, then in his ninety-second year, but retaining much of his caustic wit. Leslie took Hamerton to Rogers's house, and of this visit he writes:—

"The interest of that house was quite peculiar to itself. Even the arrangement of the furniture had been unaltered for years, and as the rooms, just as we saw them, had been visited by most people of note during nearly two generations, they had an interest from association with famous names that could not be rivaled at that time by any other rooms in London. The dining-room, for example, was exactly in the same state as when Byron dined there and would eat nothing but a biscuit. Leslie said: 'I have seen Mrs. Siddons sitting on the corner of that sofa near the fire, and Walter Scott walk up to her and shake hands.' Leslie mentioned many other celebrities, but none of them were so interesting to me as the authors of 'Waverley' and 'Childe Harold.'"

Leslie, who knew Walter Scott, described him as a high liver:—

"At dinner he would eat heartily of many dishes and drink a variety of wines. At dessert he drank port, and last of all a servant brought him a small wooden bowl full of neat whisky, which he drank off. He then either wrote or talked till midnight, and refreshed himself with a few glasses of porter before going to bed. Leslie did not mean to imply that Scott was intemperate for a man of robust constitution who took a great deal of exercise, but only that, like Talfourd, he was a high liver. It is remarkable, in connection with the subject of Scott's own habits, that eating and drinking are so often and so minutely described in his novels. His heroes and heroines always have hearty appetites, except when they are laid up with illness."

"Another well-known artist whom I met at Leslie's," says Hamerton, "was Richard Doyle. He had great gifts of wit and invention, with a curiously small fund of science—genius without the knowledge that might have given strength to genius. It is impossible, however, to feel any regret on this account, for, if Doyle's drawings had been thoroughly learned, they would have lost their *naïveté*. He was intelligent enough to make even his lack of science an element of success, for he turned it into a pretended simplicity. His own face was mobile and expressive, and it was evident that he passed quickly from one idea to another without uttering more than a small percentage of his thoughts."

The distinguished people whom Mr. Hamerton met at this time were not all artists. Among the others were George Eliot, who was then known only to a few as a translator from the German and a contributor to *The Westminster Review*. He heard her talk, but has no recollection of what she said at the time of their first meeting; he remembers, however, that she played the piano very well. Among the letters written to Hamerton is one from Mr. G. H. Lewes, in which he says:—

"We did not go abroad this year, but buried ourselves in absolute solitude in Surrey, near Haslemere, if you know the lovely region; and there I worked like a man going in for the Senior Wranglership, and Mrs. Lewes, who was ailing most of the time, went on with her new work. This work, by the way, is a panorama of provincial life, to be

published in eight parts, on alternative months, making four very thick volumes when complete. It is a new experiment in publishing. While she was at her art, I was at the higher mathematics, seduced into these regions by some considerations affecting my personal work. The solitude and the work together were perfectly blissful. Except Tennyson, who came twice to read his poems to us, we saw no one. No sooner did we return home than Mrs. Lewes, who had been incubating an attack, hatched it—and for five weeks she was laid up, getting horribly thin and weak. But now she is herself again (thinner self) and at work."

* * *

In Paris Hamerton met Thackeray's mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smith, who talked about her son, but did not say anything of sufficient interest for him to write it down. He also met the famous Mme. Mohl, who was the "oddest looking little figure" he had ever seen. It was in Paris that Hamerton met some one who made a greater impression upon him than either Thackeray's mother or Mme. Mohl. It was she who was destined long afterwards to become his wife. At that time she was only sixteen years old, but wonderfully matured for her years. Hamerton went back to England without declaring himself. Indeed, he seems almost to have forgotten her, for he proposed marriage to two other young women, neither of whom gave him "yes," probably because they felt the half-heartedness of his proposals. Without knowing it, he was really in love with the little French girl, and went over to Paris and told her so. She was not at all surprised, for she more than suspected his feelings toward her when he went away. Nor was she slow to acknowledge that she had not forgotten the young Englishman.

* * *

After their marriage they came to England to live, and Hamerton bought an island in the lake country, where they lived in peace and happiness till the breaking out of the Civil War in the United States, which caused the loss of the greater part of his modest fortune, as it destroyed the market for his wares. It was then that he saw that he must work to support his family, and he at once set himself seriously to work with pen, brush and etcher's needle. It is thus that English literature was enriched and the art of etching received a new lease of life. Hamerton was not fittted by temperament for work, but he never shirked it, and every new book that was ordered was written with enthusiasm. Nothing but the outdoor life that he lived, notwithstanding his sedentary labors, enabled him to live as long as he did. Perhaps, if he had been allowed to finish his autobiography, he would not have told us what it cost him to work so hard. His wife, who feels the sacrifice keenly, wishes us to know just what the cost was. He wrote so gayly that one who did not know would think that it was all a pastime, but now we know that it was not, and we wonder at his pluck and endurance.

I need hardly say that this fragment of autobiography, with the accompanying Memoir, will take a high place among books of its class.

J. L. G.

London Letter

THE WORTHY householder who believes that the thing he reads must be true "because it is in the papers" would have formed but an unjust opinion of the production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" by the Elizabethan Stage Society, last Saturday. The professional dramatic critic is obliged to see things in a professional light; and, as likely as not, he fared to the Merchant Taylors' Hall, expecting to see acting in the sense in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Miss Elizabeth Robins are actresses. Naturally, inevitably, he was disappointed. You cannot have acting of the modern or subtle order without tables, chairs, properties and lighting; quite half the illusion of the new method of acting depends upon position, pose and *entourage*. All these things the Elizabethan Society assiduously eschews. On entering the large hall, the spectator found the body of the room filled with chairs, raised tier on tier; and at the further end a stage cleared upon the floor, with seats round three sides of it. The old oak screen, with its three arches, formed the background. The large or central arch was curtained: the other two served for the exits and the entrances of the actors. Each was guarded by two stalwart beef-eaters. A line of electric lights, arranged in a V-shape on the floor, and covered with pale yellow tissue paper to break the glare, served as footlights; and this was the only concession to modern theatrical convention. The room was filled by a thoroughly interesting crowd. As four o'clock struck, the four beefeaters separated. Two of them fell back to right and left of the screen: the other two advanced, pikes in hand, up the centre of the hall, to hold the doors at the further end. And without more ado the

play began. It was acted without a break, for a not very convincing reason. Mr. Poel pointed out on his program that in the Quartos the plays were not divided into acts or scenes; but it remains a fact that "The Two Gentlemen" was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where the division is found. However, the arrangement lent the production the advantages of crispness and brevity. Commenced at four o'clock, it was concluded by five minutes to six. The method adopted by all Mr. Poel's pupils is one of rotund elocution, with a heavy undulating swing along the line. Probably no other style is so well suited to the exigencies of the performance; but it has its difficulties. Some of the performers were heard with great difficulty, and there was a distinct monotony about the movement of the arms. Moreover, the clowns were conceived in a spirit of such extraordinary dryness, that many of the witticisms scarcely carried beyond the first two rows of chairs. And a tendency to emphasize the jest by contorting the mouth after the manner of Mr. Arthur Roberts was not, perhaps, strictly Elizabethan.

The costumes, however, were Elizabethan from hat to heel. The design of the dress worn by the Two Gentlemen was taken from some frescoes painted about the middle of the sixteenth century on the walls of the Hall of the Carpenters' Company. The Outlaws were garbed after a design for a halberdier, used in the Fishmongers' pageant in 1609. Mr. Poel gave as his reason for their somewhat curious frills and furbelows the following consideration:—"The conditions of the stage in Shakespeare's time render it improbable that the dresses of the Outlaws would have any special connection with either the costume of the Italian banditti or with that of Robin Hood and his merry foresters. Probably any dress of a semi-military character, that was accessible, would be used." The result was somewhat trying to the gravity; but the entrance of the Outlaws was effective enough. They marched up the hall from the further entrance, preceded by a drum, and carrying colors, and caused quite a flutter among the ladies as they passed through the middle of the audience. The far entrance was, indeed, frequently used throughout the play with effect, somewhat after the fashion of the left side of the stage in ancient Greek drama. Characters represented as coming from a distance or departing from home made their entrances and exits by traversing the length of the hall, speaking as they went. This had at once a quaint and pleasant effect.

The music was particularly interesting. The song "Who is Silvia?" was sung to a new setting by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, written strictly in the style of Shakespeare's time, and accompanied upon the virginals and two viols, treble and bass. The virginals used were made in 1550. The same musicians also performed before Silvia's window the tune of "Light o' Love" and the "Militis Dumpe" from a MS. in the British Museum. Mr. Baker sang the ballad with excellent taste and feeling. Altogether, the performance was immensely interesting. It was not conspicuous for strong acting; but, as I have already said, one does not go to the Elizabethan Society for that. In dress and in the general quaintness of its methods it ably retrieved any shortcomings in elocution. The next revival is to be that of "Twelfth Night," at the Middle Temple Hall, on Friday evening, 5 Feb. 1897.

Mr. I. Zangwill concludes a series of most successful lectures this month, when he will deliver his address to a distinguished company at the Free Hall, Manchester. It is a huge building, and the task of filling it with the voice is a severe strain upon the orator. On this occasion, the Mayor and Mayoress of Manchester, together with most of the leading citizens, will support Mr. Zangwill upon the platform. The date is fixed for Dec. 21, and thereafter Mr. Zangwill will return to London and literary work. He has had a very busy and trying autumn at the desk of the lecturer.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's half-penny evening paper, *The Sun*, was bought on Monday by a syndicate, presided over by Mr. Hooley, the Nottingham millionaire. It is said that it will be henceforth run upon Conservative lines, and that Mr. H. H. Marks, M.P., will be the editor. Mr. O'Connor retains the management of *The Weekly Sun*, which has always been understood to be by far the greater success financially. The change of politics in the evening paper will bring it into collision with Mr. Harmsworth's *Evening News*, which at present has the field to itself, as the one popular half-penny paper devoted to the Conservative interest.

Ibsen's new play is to appear in England early in January 1897. The translation will be made by Mr. William Archer. The name, as most people now know, is "John Gabriel Borkman." It is quite untrue to say that it is a continuation of "A Doll House." There is absolutely no connection between the two plays.

LONDON, 4 Dec. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Has it been noted that the title of Mr. Kipling's new story, "Captains Courageous," is apparently drawn from the good old ballad of "Mary Ambree"? ("Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Vol. II., p. 230):—

"When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt," etc.

And later:—

"Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?"

Probably this is "old tidings," but I send it on the chance of its novelty.

NEW YORK.

HUBERT BATES.

Mrs. Woods and Jewish Feast Days

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

News travels slowly towards this southern town, but your issue of Nov. 7 has reached me at last. Mrs. Frederick Nathan's criticism of my new book, "John: A Tale of King Messiah," rather surprises me. If she had taken the trouble to read the context of the passages she quotes, her understanding of them might possibly have been different. The passage on page 51 simply refers to the lunar character of the Jewish year, which contained sometimes twelve, sometimes thirteen months of twenty-eight days; and to the fact that, as in the year referred to the Passover had fallen late, the Hebrew month Marchesvan, Chesvan, or Heshvan, corresponded with a portion of our month of October.

The passage on page 78 refers to the time when John was baptizing at Bethabara beyond Jordan, a few months later. It was something like a week before the Passover, consequently the Paschal moon was *new*. I confess that I am unable to understand Mrs. Nathan's difficulty. As to the Israelites only dwelling in booths at the Feast of Tabernacles, it seems probable that they would have put up some sort of temporary dwelling for an occasion of this kind. I have no books at hand to refer to, but seem to remember that Edersheim says so, in his "Life of Jesus the Messiah." In another chapter of "John," Mrs. Nathan will find a full reference to the Feast of Tabernacles; it would seem, *a priori*, almost impossible that a sane person should undertake to write a story of Jewish antiquity, without informing herself upon such an elementary matter as the difference between the Passover and the Feast of Tabernacles.

If you will oblige me by inserting this reply to a criticism, which, however superficial, acquires importance from its appearance in *The Critic*, you will confer a favor upon

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

SAN ANGELO, TEX., 22 Nov. 1896.

Tennyson's "Plagiarisms"

A CORRESPONDENT in Halifax, N. S., suggests that if the reviewer of Mr. Luce's "Handbook to Tennyson" in *The Critic* for 28 November "had verified a few references, he might have been a trifle less severe on that writer, Mr. Churton Collins, and others." He adds that the poem on "Will" had "seemed, even before the appearance of Mr. Luce's book, to be under obligations to Virgil"; the lines

"A promontory of rock
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd,"

reminding him of "Æneid," vii. 586-590 and x. 693-697. It is true, as the reader who refers to his Virgil will see, that in these passages we have a simile of a rock or rocky promontory resisting the fury of the waves; but the figure is one that would naturally occur to any person familiar with the sea, as Tennyson eminently was, and there is no reason to suppose that he was indebted to the Latin poet for it. Many of these supposed plagiarisms or imitations are of precisely this character—resemblances that might suggest themselves to the average imagination, but which the poet puts into novel or beautiful expression. Tennyson, in his well-known letter to Mr. Dawson, rightly protests against this kind of criticism. He says of the authors of it:—"They will not allow one to say 'Ring the bells' without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip

Sidney—or even to use such a simple expression as the ocean 'roars' without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarised it (fact!)."

The Fine Arts

Drawings by C. D. Gibson

FOLLOWING the dry-points by Helleu, a number of drawings in pen-and-ink, and in wash, by Mr. C. D. Gibson, have been placed on exhibition at Mr. Keppel's Gallery. They show that this talented draughtsman has acquired even greater mastery of the pen as an instrument for drawing than he showed in his exhibition of last year. His range of subjects, also, is wider; but, except that his drawings of English subjects are quite as good as his American work, we do not see that he has added in this way to his reputation. The *du Maurier* craze is probably the cause of his dropping into the ghostly line of work which makes up a large part of the present exhibition. Mr. Gibson's ghosts, however, look altogether too comfortable to be impressive. A ghost which can face a snow-storm like a Highland gillie, or which can confront a hysterical woman with the composure of a high-paid physician, tends to destroy all our cherished beliefs about ghosts. We expect them to turn up in the next picture completely materialized and very commonplace mortals.

Mr. Howard Pyle's New Work

MR. HOWARD PYLE'S *grisailles* at Klackner's Gallery are interesting, not only because of their illustrating the manners, military and civil, of Washington's day, but as showing how easily the somewhat repulsive greys of black-and-white oil paint may be relieved by touches of color, without unfitting the work for reproduction by photographic process. Red is the color most often used for this purpose, and it is effectively introduced in the British uniforms, the brick walls, and the features of the American soldiers and the scarlet petticoats of pretty girls. A few of the subjects are painted in full color, doubtless to be reproduced by the orthochromatic process. They are very clever *genre* pictures. Among the most attractive are the picture of Sir William Berkeley, "the Redoubtable Cavalier Governor," considering the subject of surrender; and the group of "Washington and Mary Philipse." The pictures were made to illustrate Prof. Wilson's Washington papers in *Harper's*.

Art Notes

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Sons a sumptuous volume devoted to "Meissonier, His Life and His Art," by Vallery C. O. Gréard. It is translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd and Miss Florence Simmonds, and contains thirty-four plates and 236 text illustrations. Aside from the illustrations, the most valuable part of the volume is that made up of extracts from the artist's note-book, in which he gives his opinions on art and artists, and even touches upon the subject of the artist's married life. M. Meissonier's comments on his own work are particularly interesting. "When I am painting a hand," he writes, "I am never satisfied until it is flesh and blood. I work on furiously until I can feel it under my brush." We are obliged to defer a longer notice of this important book for another occasion.

—Among the finely illustrated holiday books of permanent and serious interest should also be named Richard Muther's "History of Modern Painting," Sir J. D. Mackenzie's "Castles of England" and "The Life and Letters of Frederick Walker, A. R. A.," by John George Marks.

—"It is gratifying to hear," says the Boston *Transcript*, "that the protests which are being circulated for signatures against the placing of the MacMonnies 'Bacchante' in the Public Library are being signed by many citizens of whose liberality, merit and broad culture in such matters there can be no question. President Eliot's name, for instance, heads the remonstrance from Cambridge. Petitions on the other side are being no less actively circulated."

—Mr. Bryson Burroughs has been elected President of the Art Students' League, to succeed Mr. George W. Breck, winner of the Lazarus Scholarship. Mr. Burroughs returned to this country last summer, after five years spent abroad as winner of the first Chanler Paris prize.

The Drama

New Plays at the Lyceum Theatre

THE MOST substantial part of the new program presented by Mr. Daniel Frohman consists in the little one-act tragic play, "The Wife of Willoughby," by Theodore Burt Sayre and Helen Bogart. This is really an imaginative, strong and dramatic piece of work, but is unlikely to attract the amount of attention which it deserves, partly because it does not carry conviction with it, and partly because it is deficient in the important element of sympathy. An elderly painter is married to a young and beautiful wife, whom he worships. He is painting her as Desdemona defending herself against her lord's charges of infidelity, and cannot produce upon her face the right expression of mingled surprise and indignation. His false friend, Capt. Berkeley, who himself has made vain advances to the fair dame and suspects her of loving his rival, a popular actor, suggests to the painter that he will get the expression he wants, if he accuses his wife of playing him false. The artist adopts the idea, and, finding his wife and the actor alone, overwhelms her with reproaches. To his amazement and horror she confesses that she has deceived him, and that just before his entrance she had consented to desert his home. Nevertheless she maintains that hitherto she has been false in spirit only, not in act. The wretched husband, loving still, declares that he will not stand between her and happiness, and exacts from the actor a pledge that he will make her his wife as soon as she shall be free. Then, having summoned Berkeley, whose baseness he has discovered, he forces him to fight and in the encounter finds the death which he seeks. The wife and the actor depart together, and the false friend is left to his remorse.

There is no lack of dramatic action or passion in this story, but it leaves the audience cold, because the whole thing is theatrical rather than human. The extraordinary self-sacrifice of the husband, the placid acceptance of it by the wife, the complaisance of the actor and the survival of the villain all help to create a feeling of dissatisfaction and incredulity, and leave little room for sympathy. The piece would have had greater effect, doubtless, if it had been more passionately interpreted. Mr. Hackett, who played the husband, exhibited emotion that was loud rather than deep, and Miss Marie Shotwell revealed but little of the passion essential to the character of the errant wife. The general representation of the little piece, however, was not deficient in either vigor or smoothness, and the audience followed it with interest, though with small enthusiasm.

"The Late Mr. Castello" is a three-act farce, which may be dismissed with but brief notice. It is valuable only for the witty dialogue, characteristic of the work of the author, Sydney Grundy. The story is that of an arrant coquette, a widow, who flirts with every man she sees, while pretending to mourn for her lost husband. In the end she is brought to terms by a gallant captain, who fights her with her own weapons and frightens her into subjection with a story that her departed consort has turned up alive, disfigured and impecunious. It is all very nonsensical, but a good many of the situations are funny, and there are very few dull lines. The new actress, Miss Mannering, in enacting the flirt, displayed complete control of a dangerous magazine of feminine allurements and, in the last scene, exhibited a burst of real emotion which was exceedingly effective. She is a clever, promising, but at present crude, performer. The best work in the supporting cast is done by Felix Morris and Mrs. Walcott.

Mr. Tree as Svengali

ALTHOUGH much of the essential charm of "Trilby" is missing from Mr. Potter's stage version, the revival of the play at the Knickerbocker Theatre is fully justified by the general performance, and especially by the extremely clever and picturesque impersonation of the rascally hypnotist by Mr. Tree. This actor, as has been pointed out repeatedly in these columns, lacks both the temperament and the physical resources needed for the interpretation of imaginative, romantic or heroic parts in which the nobler emotions are involved, but possesses the gift of mimicry and theatrical perception in an uncommon degree; and the character of Svengali, which is intellectual, but devoid of any nobler passion than consuming vanity, lies almost wholly within the range of his powers of expression, and affords peculiar opportunities for the display of his unquestionable technical skill and nice appreciation of the value of minute detail. He understands it perfectly and plays it with admirable and artistic discretion and with very fine finish. In this last respect he puts the coarse but effective sketch

of Mr. Wilton Lackaye completely into the background. His length of limb and attenuated figure enable him to realize, in a remarkable manner, the description of a malevolent spider to which Trilby compares him, and he reproduces with singular and eloquent fidelity the constant, sweeping and illuminative gesture of his supposed nationality. The cynicism, the meanness, the vanity, malice, callousness and audacity of the man are expressed with really admirable skill, and he contrives, moreover, without veiling the blackguardism, to suggest the original delicacy and enthusiasm of an artistic nature. Of the passion with which Mr. Lackaye inspired the part, he shows little or nothing, but he is infinitely more consistent than his predecessor, and much more impressive, because much more truthful, in his gradual collapse and sudden death. The applause which greeted him was honestly won.

The general representation is worthy of hearty commendation. Miss Kate Rorke, although not quite the Trilby of du Maurier, furnishes a most attractive and womanly study, and Mr. Lionel Brough is very happy as the Laird. Among other characters deserving of a word of special commendation are the Madame Vinard of Miss Frances Ivor, an excellent actress; the Zou-Zou of Mr. G. du Maurier, thoroughly French throughout; and the Taffy of Mr. F. MacVicar. Little Billee in the person of Mr. Alfred Wigley, is, it must be confessed, a rather tiresome little prig, but this is more or less true of him in the original. Concerning the remainder of the cast, it is unnecessary to be specific, but all of them are competent. The piece, indeed, met with so friendly a reception, that it seems a pity that it was not produced earlier in Mr. Tree's engagement.

Education

PROF. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell, who spent last winter at Athens, is endeavoring to raise \$3500 to carry on the excavations at Corinth. The Greek Government has agreed to appropriate (*i. e.*, to make public domain by purchase) the land desired for excavation, with the understanding that three fourths of the price are to be paid by the American School at Athens. It is to be hoped that the desired amount will be raised.

Mr. Junius S. Morgan of New York has presented to the library of Princeton University his collection of early editions of Virgil, in commemoration of the institution's sesquicentennial. The collection, which includes 312 numbers, is surpassed only by two or three others, if at all. It includes the very rare first edition (Scœnyheim & Pannartz, Rome, 1469) of which only six copies are known, and of which Deschamps says that there has not been a copy offered at auction since that of La Vallière, in 1783. The British Museum has no copy, and the copy of the National Library at Paris is defective. The collection includes also a copy on vellum of the first dated edition (1471), which is about half as rare as the other, but is nevertheless rarer than the famous Gutenberg Bible. This is not Mr. Morgan's first gift to the Princeton library, which he has already enriched with a noteworthy collection of early printed books and a number of scientific periodicals and bibliographical and philological works. It is said that he proposes to extend the Virgil collection until it is complete. Mr. William Nelson of Paterson, N. J., has enriched the library with a valuable collection of documents and autographs of historical value in connection with Princeton. Ground was broken on Dec. 11 for the new dormitory presented to the University at the recent celebration by Mr. John I. Blair, one of the Trustees.

President Harper of the University of Chicago and Henry Ives Cobb, the architect, are preparing plans for one of the largest gymnasiums in the world, to be erected with the building of the Technological School on the two unoccupied squares south of 56th Street, Chicago. The gymnasium building will be 300 by 100 feet. The athletic field's dimensions will be 600 by 400, and this will be covered by a building of iron and steel arches supporting a glass roof, which can be opened at will. An amphitheatre seating 25,000 persons will range around this.

Dr. Frederick Bancroft has been selected to take the place of Dr. von Holst at the University of Chicago, this winter. He will deliver a course of lectures on "The Political and Constitutional History of the United States from 1840 to 1861."

The *Tribune's* correspondent in San Francisco writes to that paper that "Prof. Gayley of the chair of English literature in the University of California recently obtained a year's leave of absence on full pay, in order that he may go to London and edit a series of volumes on the English drama for the Macmillan Co. The regents voted that he receive his salary of \$3000 a year, as it

was represented that the University would receive much credit from his labor, while the publishing company gave him no remuneration for his work. At the Regents' meeting this week a motion was made to reconsider payment of the full salary, as it was held to be unfair to the State and illegal."

The ninth annual dinner of the Union College Alumni Association of New York was held at the Hotel Savoy on Dec. 10. The Rev. Dr. George Alexander presided, and with him at the head table were Rear-Admiral Erben, President Andrew V. Raymond of Union College, Bishop Potter, Chancellor Henry MacCracken, William F. Havemeyer, ex-Senator Warner Miller, John H. Starin and Frederick W. Seward.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream," as given by the class of '95 of Smith College, will be presented in this city in the afternoon and evening of Jan. 2, at the Carnegie Lyceum. The production is under the patronage of leading New York women and will be given with the same attention to details that marked its previous success. (See the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee's review of this production in "Footlights," *The Critic*, Dec. 5.)

The American Book Co. has just published "The Mastery of Books," a work on what to read and how to read, for boys, by Henry Lyman Koopman.

The library of the late Prof. Rudolph von Gneist of the University of Berlin, which was presented to Yale by a friend of that institution, has been returned to the Leipzig bookseller who sold it, as only one-half of the 10,000 volumes has proved to have been Gneist's property, the other half having been added as padding. An offer for the Gneist books has been refused.

Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn have issued, in their Students' Series of English Classics, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," edited by J. G. Riggs, Superintendent of Schools, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Longfellow's "Evangeline," edited by Mary Harriott Norris; De Quincey's "Revolt of the Tartars," edited by Dr. Frank T. Baker of the Teachers' College, New York; Carlyle's Essay on Burns, edited by Wm. K. Wickes, Principal of the High School, Syracuse, N. Y.; Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," edited by W. F. Gregory, Principal of the High School, Winchendon, Mass. They have in press Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," edited by Mabel C. Willard; and Shakespeare's "As You Like It," edited by Prof. Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College.

Among the forthcoming books of the Macmillan Co. are "The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III., and its Culmination in the Barons' War," by Prof. Oliver H. Richardson; and "A First Book in Writing English," by Dr. Edwin Herbert Lewis.

The fifth volume of "English Prose," edited by Henry Craik, has just been published. It completes the work, dealing with the nineteenth century. The selections in this as in the preceding volumes, beginning with the fourteenth century, are of uniform excellence; and so are the general and critical introductions to the various periods, by different writers.

The General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church in this city has decided to have a translation made of the letters and documents which passed between the Dutch churches in America and the Classis of Amsterdam, Holland, between the years 1628-1792, now in the possession of the Classis in Holland. An appeal for funds has been made, the cost of the translation being estimated at \$5000.

Notes

"THE Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York" is the title of a historic volume by the late Abram C. Dayton, the father of the present Postmaster of this city. Mr. Dayton was an old New Yorker and made the study of the city's early days his especial work and pleasure, too. He died in 1877, at the age of sixty. The book will be issued by the Messrs. Putnam.

The second volume of Nicoll and Wise's "Literary Anecdotes," which will be published in a few days by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., will, we hear, contain a far greater variety of good literary matter than the first, such as a hitherto unpublished tale by Charlotte Brontë, and an essay on George Meredith by George Eliot, reprinted from *The Leader*, being a review of "The Shaving of Shagpat." There is, also, the letter which Landor wrote to Emerson in reply to his reminiscences of a visit to Landor, contained in "English Traits." Some hitherto unpublished letters by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a "Notebook" by "Omar Khayyám" FitzGerald, to say nothing of new light on Tennyson and Keats, will give the volume peculiar interest.

—The Hon. James Bryce's book on "Trans-Caucasia and Ararat," published nearly twenty years ago, is to have a new edition apropos of the Armenian troubles. Mr. Bryce has added an important chapter on the recent history of the Armenian question.

—We take pleasure in calling attention to a Bible published by Messrs. James Pott & Co., and printed from Bagster plates. Except the plates, this book has been made entirely in America, and is a marvel for its combination of cheapness and excellence. It is bound in morocco, and so well bound that it can be folded inside out without harming the book. It contains an illustration in color, photographic reproductions of the Moabite stone and other equally interesting discoveries, a concordance notes and colored maps. The book is a handsome quarto and is sold for the remarkably low price of a dollar and a half.

—A new long story by Anthony Hope is soon to be published serially. It is of a social, not historical, character, and the bicycle race forms one of its chief attractions.

—It is said that Mrs. F. A. Steel's powerful novel, "On the Face of the Waters," will soon be published in this country. It is a very long book; also a very strong book, and the only novel that has adequately dealt with the story of the Indian Mutiny. Mrs. Steel, we learn, "is a busy woman, with all the cares of a large country house—which, as a rule, is full of guests—upon her shoulders. She cannot choose her time for writing, but writes at such time as she can find. Very seldom can she work for more than two hours consecutively."

—We have received from Mr. J. W. Bouton his catalogue of fine imported books "personally selected," which means a good deal when the selector is as experienced in his business as is Mr. Bouton. We have also received from Mr. H. L. Matthews of Kansas City a list of books, comprising "rich, rare tomes, and first editions," from the collections of C. S. Dole and Geo. D. Fearey.

—*Scribner's Magazine* began with January 1887. The issue for January 1897 celebrates the opening of a new decade. A fine program has been announced for the coming year, and several of the schemes will begin in the January issue—notably the series on "The Conduct of Great Businesses," beginning with "The Department Store," described by Samuel Hopkins Adams of the New York *Sun*, and illustrated from actual scenes by W. R. Leigh. Richard Harding Davis will begin his first long novel in the same number. It is a tale of love and adventure in a revolutionary South American republic, with an American civil engineer and two New York girls for the chief characters. Charles Dana Gibson illustrates each instalment.

—The most striking article in the January *Scribner's* will be the account of an eye-witness of the recent massacre in Constantinople. This will be the first detailed and authentic account of this Turkish outrage to appear in print. The author of the article saw all that he describes as he passed through the city on his way to business.

—Captain Alfred T. Mahan has written an article on "Nelson in the Battle of the Nile" for the January *Century*. Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, whose first volume of stories, "The Cat and the Cherub," has just been cordially received, is shown in a new vein in a story to appear in the same number. This is "The Lights of Sitka," a tale of the sea with a tragic element.

—A writer in the London *Daily Mail* learns "through the well-informed Dr. Robertson Nicoll that the new proprietor of *The Academy* is Mr. John Morgan Richards, the father of the brilliant John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). He is also the proprietor of Carter's Little Liver Pills and a deacon in the City Temple."

—We learn from London that for months before her departure for America, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was dangerously ill. So grave, indeed, has been her condition that at one time her life was despaired of. For unselfish family reasons she did her best, and with success, to keep the fact of her illness from becoming publicly known. Mrs. Burnett's play, "A Lady of Quality," is to be produced in New York in February, with Miss Calhoun in the part of the heroine, Clorinda Wildairs. Its author has also written another play, "The First Gentleman in Europe," in collaboration with George Fleming, a lady who, under this masculine pseudonym, wrote, some time since, a clever drama called "Mrs. Lessingham."

—Mr. G. Haven Putnam, the publisher, delivered a lecture at the Berkeley Lyceum on the morning of the 12th before a large audience (exclusively women), members of the League for Political Education, on "The Evolution of the Idea of Property." He spoke forcibly on the subject of international copyright, for which he was one of the most indefatigable fighters.


—The funeral of the late Coventry Patmore was of the simplest kind, according to his request. He was buried in the little cemetery of Lymington. He rested in his coffin, says the *Daily Chronicle*, "in the rude brown habit of the Third Order of St. Francis—a religious confraternity to which Dante himself had belonged,

and the coffin was of the plainest kind. The funeral was preceded by a requiem mass, said by the Bishop of Portsmouth, in the little church, filled with mourners. The widow and her only son were there, and with them three of the four surviving children of the first Mrs. Patmore, the original of "The Angel in the House." The funeral of Miss Mathilde Blind took place on the same day. The services were held at the Stamford Street Chapel, where Mr. Moncure D. Conway delivered an impressive address. The remains were cremated at Woking. At the close of the process of cremation, the ashes of the deceased were placed in a beautiful urn of the Della Robbia Pottery. The urn, which was Grecian in shape, was decorated with three very fine groups of figures emblematic of Faith, Hope and Charity, in low sculptured relief upon a ground of the most exquisite blue-green color.

Publications Received

Asurara, G. E. de. *The Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea*. Tr. by C. R. Beazley, and E. Prestage. Vol. 1. London: Hakluyt Society.
 Barnes, James. *A Princetonian*. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Barrie, J. M. *Sentimental Tommy* (Vol. II). *The Little Minister* (Vol. I). When a Man's Single. *My Lady Nicotine*. *A Window in Thrums*. Charles Scribner's Sons.
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